

The Missions of China.

LATE in the summer of 1911 there was a popular rising in the province of Sze-chuen on the upper course of the Yang-tse river. The first reports that reached Europe represented it as a mere local outbreak against one of the railway schemes of the Government—an ignorant protest against the introduction of European methods into the province. It was expected that the revolt would be confined to the place of its origin, and would be trampled out as easily as a rising that had been attempted in the same district four years earlier..

But then came the news that the troops sent against the rebels had fraternised with them, and that the movement was spreading like wildfire down the great waterway of the Yang-tse-kiang. Hankow, the strategic and commercial centre of the middle Yang-tse region, was besieged and taken. By this time it was clear that the rising was no mere provincial disturbance, but that a national movement was in progress directed against the Manchu dynasty, with the watchword of "China for the Chinese." It was organized by leaders who had studied in Europe and America, and funds had been subscribed by the Chinese merchants and traders, not only of the Empire itself but wherever a Chinese colony is to be found. For the first time in the history of Chinese rebellions there was among the leaders of the movement no hostility to the white foreigners. On the contrary the organizers of the rising proclaimed that the time had come for China to break with the tradition of centuries, and learn from the hitherto hated foreigner the lessons of modern civilization; to do what Japan had done, cast off the trammels of the past, and enter upon a new era of power and prosperity.

It is true that amid the confusion of a time of revolution foreign missionaries and traders in some of the inland provinces were at times exposed to serious danger. Here and there robber bands roved the country; mob leaders, ignorant of the real objects of the revolt, followed the old tradition of attacking the European establishments; mutinous soldiers

plundered the foreigner and the native alike. But these were exceptional phases of disorder. As a rule the foreigner was safe from attack. In more than one instance, even when a town was plundered, sentries were posted to protect the mission stations. In some cases mandarins who had been bitterly hostile to the missions found in the day of their downfall a refuge for themselves and their families in the mission stations. The success of the rising enabled the newly constituted local authorities to put an end to mere riot and plundering. The proclamation of the Chinese Republic at Peking was accompanied by an assurance that the new *régime* would not only tolerate but welcome and protect the missions, as agencies of education in the new ways upon which the nation had entered.¹

Those who know China best are hopeful of the new departure, but at the same time admit that the horizon is not quite cloudless, and that like all Governments established by a revolution the new *régime* may yet have to deal with serious internal troubles. A favourable feature of the new situation is that, contrary to what was expected, the Republicans did not stain their victory by a massacre of the Manchu Princes, and that the members of the Imperial Family accepted the honourable situation assigned to them by the victors, and have apparently no intention of attempting a counter-revolution. The real danger lies in the possibility of dissensions among the chiefs of the new Government. It is of good augury for the future that a strong man is at the head of affairs in the person of the President, Yuan-shi-kai. His invitation to Dr. Morrison Hart to act as his official adviser is a pledge that the old suspicion of the foreigner will no longer influence Chinese policy, and there is a proof that the promised toleration of Christianity was no empty formula in the fact that the Prime Minister of the first Republican Administration is a Catholic, who owes his conversion to the faith to the Belgian lady who is his wife.

It is to the presence of Christians in the Government itself that we must attribute the remarkable step taken by the new administration in asking the Christians of China to make the last Sunday of April a day of special prayer for the progress and prosperity of the nation. Under the old *régime*, although

¹ On February 26th, 1912, the President, Yuan-shi-kai, in an audience he gave to the Vicar Apostolic, Mgr. Jarlin, at Peking, assured the Bishop that the fullest religious freedom would be granted to the Catholics, and that every post under Government—civil and military—would be open to them.

the treaties with foreign powers secured official toleration for the Christians, it was no uncommon thing for the provincial governors and the local officials to adopt a policy of underhand hostility to the missions, and connive at the organized opposition of the secret societies to them. The anti-foreign movement that culminated in the Boxer revolt had the support of the Government, and the Manchu officials regarded the underhand action of the Court at Peking on that occasion as a fair indication of what its mind really was, and were inclined to consider the official policy adopted after the collapse of the Boxer movement as an attitude forced upon China by the arms of the allied foreign powers. The collapse of the Manchu *régime*, and the introduction of a new policy that made the watchword of "China for the Chinese" compatible with the friendly relations with the foreigner, cleared the way for a complete abandonment of the old attitude of professed friendship and secret hostility towards the missions. And the request made by the Peking Government for the prayers of the Christians was a public ratification of the new policy, and a recognition of the fact that the various Christian bodies were normal factors in the national life; that a Chinaman did not denationalize himself by adopting what used to be called "the foreign religion." For this great human hive of the Far East the Peking proclamation may be compared with the Edict of Constantine—the great event of which, by a happy coincidence, the Church is now celebrating the sixteenth centenary. It marks the dividing line between a period when official hostility made the outbreak of persecution always a possibility, and the new era of something more than toleration, during which any act of persecution would be a retrograde step, and something abnormal and transient, like the attacks upon the Church of the fourth century in the countries of the Mediterranean after the publication of the epoch-making Edict.

The Peking proclamation has drawn public attention in England to the Chinese missions, and the press has devoted considerable space to the subject—but with, in almost every case, complete silence as to the missions of the Catholic Church. This is a somewhat remarkable omission. Considering the relative importance of the Catholic and non-Catholic missions, judged by the extent of their organization and the results actually obtained, it shows the same lack of proportion that would be displayed in an essay on the old churches of Westminster that made no mention of the Abbey

and devoted several pages to the parish church of St. Margaret. Probably this general omission of any reference to our missions is due to that strange ignorance of Catholic matters that seems to prevail in most editorial offices. There is a fairly full account of the missions to be read in a standard work of reference on China that is to be found in the offices of firms that do business in the Far East—the *China Year Book*, issued annually by Messrs. Routledge. Perhaps this useful handbook has not found its way into editorial reference libraries. But non-Catholic ignorance as to the missions in China is the less to be wondered at considering how many Catholics know practically nothing of the splendid work that our missionaries are doing in every province of the Chinese Republic, from the sea inwards up to, and even beyond, the old imperial frontiers. For there are outposts of the missions in the outlying provinces, in the passes leading to the plateau of Tibet, and along the borders of the Mongolian desert.

Just fifty years ago Marshall, in his remarkable work on "Christian Missions," asked Englishmen to face the facts as to the results obtained by the various missionary agencies of every Christian denomination, and ask themselves which of the Churches showed that power to "teach all nations" which must be the prerogative of a Church claiming to carry on the apostolic tradition. He pointed out that everywhere the results obtained by the Catholic missionary were beyond all comparison with those of the envoys of other religious organizations, although, to the honour of our non-Catholic brethren, he admitted that they placed the most ample resources at the disposal of their missions, and were able to find large numbers of zealous men and women to devote themselves to the work. After the fifty years since Marshall's book was published the comparison he made is still justified. China affords a striking instance of the disproportion between the results obtained by the Catholic and non-Catholic missions. Of the latter much has been said in the recent discussion of the Chinese situation in the newspapers. It is only on account of the way in which the Catholic missions have been left out of account that I propose, before dealing with their statistics, to say a few words as to those of the other missionary bodies. I have no wish to depreciate the result of their labours. While regretting, as every Catholic must regret, that so much energy is devoted to placing before the people of China a defective message, and confusing them with the spectacle of a divided Christendom, one may freely grant that according to the measure of

his knowledge the zealous non-Catholic missionary is doing a good work. The medical missions above all give to the heathen an example of the alliance of Christian charity and European science. Men are drawn from idolatry to a knowledge of some at least of the truths of the Gospel, and to the practice of prayer, and are weaned from the superstitious vice and heartless cruelty that is so often characteristic of paganism.

In dealing with these statistics of the non-Catholic missions it must be remembered that they represent not one common creed, but a variety of systems of doctrine and practice. At one end of the scale we have the English High Churchman or the American Episcopalian teaching all Catholic doctrines except the Supremacy and Infallibility of the Pope, and making something that looks very like the Catholic Mass the chief rite of public worship. At the other extreme there are missionaries whose communion service is the "Lord's Supper," with cups of tea instead of sacramental wine. Most missionaries baptize their converts; some hold the rite to be of no importance. Most of the missionaries teach the Divinity of Christ, but there are some who hold that he was only a greater teacher than Confucius or Lao-tse, but human as they were and nothing more.

Again, the conditions of church membership vary. Many of the missions adopt the Catholic practice of insisting on the convert going through a period of instruction and probation as a catechumen. Others are less rigid. Some of the missions divide their returns between "communicants" in full church membership and "adherents" or "enquirers." This makes it difficult to work out a total. But as a fair statement from a non-Catholic source we may take the detailed table published in the current issue of the *China Year Book* for 1913, which is based on data supplied by the missionary societies.

The figures are those of the reports issued in 1911 representing the situation at the close of 1910. Complete returns covering the whole field for a later date were not available. The total number of societies having workers in China is nearly a hundred. Most of these belong to Great Britain and the United States, but other countries are represented among them. The foreign (European and American) workers numbered 5,144, and the Chinese staff numbered 15,501. Thus there were over 20,000 men and women engaged in the work of the missions.

In the summary the numbers of the Christians belonging to these missions are set forth in three columns headed "Baptized Christians," "Catechumens," and "Total." A note shows that in some of the missions what the editor of the table classes as "catechumens" are returned as "adherents." Some of the societies do not distinguish between "baptized," "catechumens," and "adherents," but send in a general total, which is placed in the third column of the table. Several of those that return the number of baptized and catechumens give a much higher total than the sum of these two figures, showing that they count in the general aggregate numbers of people whose connection with the mission cannot be a very close one, probably enquirers, or men and women who attend sermons and services.

The figures thus arrived at are:—

| | |
|---------------------------|---------|
| Baptized Christians | 167,075 |
| Catechumens | 71,500 |
| | <hr/> |
| | 238,575 |
| Total Christians | 324,890 |

Of the ninety-nine agencies and societies included in the return only seven claim more than 10,000 baptized converts. These are:

| <i>Society.</i> | <i>Baptized.</i> | <i>Catechumens.</i> | <i>Total.</i> |
|--|------------------|---------------------|---------------|
| Church Missionary Society (Church of England) | 19,532 | 4,111 | 23,443 |
| London Missionary Society (Non-conformist) | 15,215 | 7,763 | 22,978 |
| Irish Presbyterian Church Missions | 11,826 | 2,524 | 14,350 |
| Presbyterian Church of England... | 10,537 | — | 11,521 |
| U.S. Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions | 10,802 | 11,091 ¹ | 21,893 |
| U.S. Methodist Episcopal Mission | 20,723 | 18,130 | 60,040 |
| U.S. Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions | 18,470 | 1,787 | 20,257 |

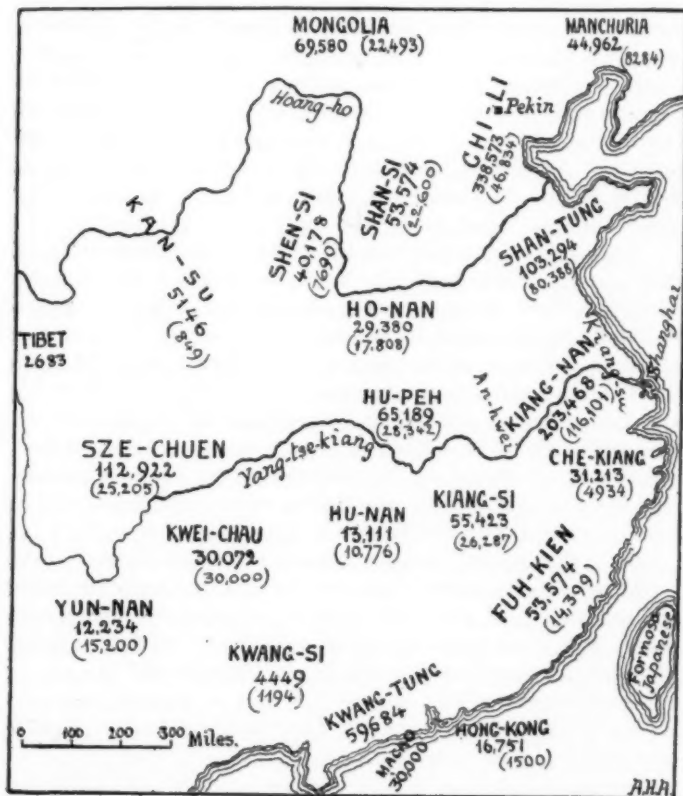
This is the result of over a century of work by a large number of agencies with the most ample funds at their disposal. But the total of baptized Christians, catechumens, and adherents of all kinds for the whole of China is less than the number of baptized Catholics in the single province of Chi-li.

At the close of 1911 the number of baptized Catholics in China was 1,363,697, and there were 390,985 catechumens

¹ Returned as "adherents."

under instruction and awaiting baptism, making a grand total of 1,754,682. These were grouped in 47 missionary dioceses or vicariates. There were 49 Bishops (including coadjutors), 1,426 European and 701 Chinese priests, and 1,215 Chinese students for the priesthood. There were besides 230 European and 135 Chinese lay-Brothers in religious houses or in teaching congregations, and 1,896 nuns, of whom 1,328 were Chinese women.

A table of the statistics of the various vicariates or missionary bishoprics would not convey so clear an impression to the reader as to the distribution of the Christians as the annexed outline map and the following explanations:—



DISTRIBUTION OF THE CATHOLICS OF CHINA. 1911-12.

(The first number is that of the baptized Catholics: the second that of the catechumens)

It will be noticed that the province which contains the largest Catholic population is Chi-li, in the north-east, which includes the capital. The province is divided into five missionary districts, one belonging to the Jesuits, the others to the Lazarist or Vincentian Fathers. In Chi-li there are many families that have been Catholic for centuries.

The next largest numbers of Catholics are those of the provinces on the lower Yang-tse, the great central waterway of China, along whose banks there is one of the densest populations in the world. On the upper river, above the famous gorges and rapids, there is the province of Sze-chuen, with more than 100,000 Catholics. The coast provinces all show large numbers, but these are smaller in the provinces of the far interior, if we except Sze-chuen. Kan-su, in the far north-west, is a region of pioneer missions. The Tibetan mission on the borders of the plateau and in the frontier district of Sze-chuen, where there is a Tibetan element in the population, is an outpost, prepared to be a base of operations when the hitherto "forbidden land" of Central Asia is open for missionary work. No mission has suffered more—thanks to the persistent hostility of the lamas.

Looking at these figures on the map we must bear in mind that they represent in each unit the one faith of the Catholic Church. Here there is no question of less or more. These hundreds of thousands of men of various races, Chinese and Manchu, and men of the older tribes that once held the land, the Tibetan frontiersmen and the Lolo aborigines of Yunnan, are one with each other and one with us in the same faith. The hundreds of thousands of catechumens are a proof that, in spite of all obstacles and difficulties, the faith is rapidly extending. Thirty years ago the baptized Catholics of China numbered 470,000. There has thus been a threefold increase in that period. Only the relatively small number of the workers in this Eastern vineyard prevents the increase being still greater, and here the growing numbers of the native clergy is a most hopeful factor. As to the outlook for the missions, the Superior General of the Franciscans, in a report on the five provinces in which his Order is at work, says that the people would come into the Church "in crowds" if there were more priests to teach them.¹

¹ "Uti Illmi. Vicariatuum nostrorum Praesules testantur, turmatim sanctam profiterentur religionem, si sacri ministri plures, qui eos docerent et in fide conservarent, adessent," are the words of the report.

And though the modern period of missions in China dates from the days of Matteo Ricci, who entered the country in 1583, it may be said that the great organization now existing, with its million and three-quarters of Catholics and catechumens, is the work of less than a hundred years. At the close of the eighteenth century the Catholic missions of China, built up by the devoted labour of two hundred years, were all but completely disorganized and reduced to ruin. The war waged against the Church in Europe had for one of its most disastrous effects this destruction of the missions in the most distant lands. The suppression of the Society of Jesus was the first blow. Then with the outbreak of the French Revolution, and the long period of wars that followed, there came the closing of religious houses and seminaries, the cutting off of the supply of missionaries, and the abandonment of whole provinces, where the converts left without priests drifted back into paganism, or if they kept the faith were ill instructed, and had no sacrament but baptism. The Vincentian Fathers, in the face of terrible trials, held on to Peking and a few other places. The re-establishment of the famous Paris Seminary of Foreign Missions supplied a reinforcement for other districts. The Spanish Dominicans in the south-east, the Portuguese priests at Macao kept the faith alive in these places. For many years the stress of repairing the ruin in Europe itself was such that little could be done for the distant missions. It was about 1830 that the reorganization of the Chinese missions really began.

The story of a single province may be briefly told here in order to give an idea of the vicissitudes of these missions, and show in how comparatively short a time the great progress of the Catholic Church in China has been secured. Kiang-si is a hilly and poor province lying between the lower bend of the Yang-tse and the ranges that divide it from the coast districts of Fo-kien and Kwang-tung. The Jesuits had penetrated into it and made some thousands of converts when the suppression of the Society left this scattered flock without pastors. The Lazarist Fathers some years later were able to send missionaries to take charge of Kiang-si and the neighbouring districts of Hu-nan and Hu-peh. It was a time of persecution. There were edicts in force against the "foreign religion," and then to add to the difficulty of the situation the revolutionary storm in Europe cut off the supply of missionaries from France, and for years to come the arrival of a

solitary missionary in China was a great event. For a long time two or three European and as many Chinese priests formed the whole staff of the Kiang-si missions.

In 1830 it was reported that there were in the Kiang-si province 6,000 Catholics, scattered in various places, so that they could be only occasionally visited by the few missionaries. In 1838 a Vicariate Apostolic was erected that included Kiang-si and the coast province of Che-kiang, and in 1846 Kiang-si became a separate Vicariate. Ten years later the Lazarists estimated the Catholic population at 9,000.

Then came the years of civil war and persecution when the province was overrun by the Tai-ping rebels. Numbers of Christian families were dispersed or massacred. Many of those who were spared were forcibly enrolled in the rebel armies, to be afterwards slain by the Imperialist troops. By 1862 the Catholic population had been reduced to 6,000, the numbers of thirty years earlier. But with the restoration of peace the mission began again to gather in converts. By 1879 the numbers were 13,000 and the province was divided into two vicariates. In 1882 there were 16,000 Catholics. Three years later a third vicariate was erected. The three vicariates of a province which fifty years ago, in the days of the Tai-ping troubles, had only 6,000 Catholics, with many of its churches in ruins, has now under its three Bishops over 55,000 baptized Catholics and 26,000 catechumens, and a splendid organization of churches, schools, orphanages, hospitals, and other centres of apostolic work.

It is in the completeness of their organization that there is the greatest contrast between the Catholic missions of to-day and those of the difficult years in the first half of the nineteenth century, when a mere handful of devoted workers were keeping together a few thousand Christians, and painfully rebuilding the Catholicity of China amid the ruins of the revolutionary period. In those earlier days the most the isolated missionary could hope for was his chapel hidden away among the houses of a native town and a few catechists to help him. Of schools, hospitals, religious communities and the rest he thought only as of the possibilities of a far-off future. Even the most sanguine of those pioneers could not hope to see what has now been accomplished.

Let us take an instance of what has been done in one of the larger mission districts. The district of Kiang-nan on the lower Yang-tse has for its geographical centre the old

"southern capital," Nankin, but the working centre is Shanghai. The mission includes the two provinces of Kiang-su and An-hwei. It is under the care of the Jesuits. In 1907, according to the very full statistical tables published in Father Wolferstan's *Catholic Church in China* the mission possessed the following establishments: A scholasticate for Jesuit students preparing for the priesthood; two seminaries for the education of Chinese secular priests; the college at Zi-ka-wei, for lay students; a house for training catechists; several high schools, and some hundreds of elementary schools. In and around Shanghai there were some sixty schools. In the interior no less than 1,317 schools, of which 131 were boarding schools for boys and 102 for girls. There were several convents, houses of the Sisters of Charity, the Little Sisters of the Poor, the "Auxiliatrices," and an Order of Chinese nuns, the "Présentandines," and finally a Carmelite convent with thirteen European and twenty-one Chinese nuns. The school teachers, besides those of the Religious Orders, were supplied by the Marist Christian Brothers (Europeans) and native Chinese schoolmasters (703) and schoolmistresses (777). There were forty-one orphanages, and, besides, more than 3,000 orphans were "boarded out" in Christian families. There were four hospitals, five dispensaries, and five homes for the aged. There were also a number of workrooms and "instructional workshops" for technical training, and at Zi-ka-wei printing works turning out large numbers of books, a Chinese Catholic newspaper (bi-weekly), and a Chinese monthly magazine. Zi-ka-wei, with its observatories, laboratories, museums and library, and its classes for the Government examinations is practically a University College.

As for the steady growth of Catholicity on the Kiang-nan mission the following figures show the results obtained by these agencies:

| Date. | Baptized Catholics. | Increase. |
|-------|---------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1861 | 77,418 | In 40 years (1861-1901) 50,421 |
| 1881 | 99,154 | |
| 1901 | 127,839 | |
| 1907 | 164,088 | In ten years (1901-1911) 75,529 |
| 1911 | 203,468 | |

So that the increase in the ten years after 1901 was 50 per cent. greater than in the forty years before that date.

Kiang-nan is perhaps the most completely equipped mis-

sion, but in every province there has been in these fifty years a marvellous building up of the mission organization. This has been rendered possible partly by contributions from the Catholic world, partly by the alms of the Chinese converts themselves. But all these resources would have been utterly inadequate but for what is the greatest factor of all in the growth of our missions: the self-denying lives of those who devote themselves to the actual work. It would be easy to multiply the testimonies of non-Catholic travellers to the actual facts. They note with wonder that everywhere they find the Catholic priests living the lives of the poorest of the native Chinese. A sum roughly equivalent to about £20 is the largest annual allowance made to a missionary in China for his personal expenses. He can live on this by adopting Chinese clothing, lodging and diet. The Catholic missionary becomes one of the people he seeks to convert. His business is not to make Chinamen into Europeans, but to make pagans into Catholics, and he is drawn nearer to them by sharing all that is hard in the lives of the poorest among them. He does not attempt to set up a European household in the Far East. And he does not look forward to a pension and a comfortable retirement in Europe or America. He dies among his people. So far as money counts the Catholic missions of China are very poor. But they are rich beyond measure with a wealth no money could ever purchase—the absolute self-devotion of hundreds of men and women who give all their lives to the good work, for the love of Him whose work it is, and looking only to Him for their reward.

The Protestant traveller telling of his meetings with Catholic missionaries in the inland provinces of China generally describes them as "Jesuits"—an unconscious tribute to the great part the Society of Jesus has played in the mission work of the Church since the days of St. Francis Xavier. But in China the Jesuits are actually at work in only three provinces, An-wei and Kiang-su (Kiang-nan Mission) and one of the five vicariates of Chi-li in the north. The greater part of the mission field in China is supplied with workers by two other Orders, and the priests of the Seminary of Foreign Missions in Paris. The Vincentians (or Lazarists), who so splendidly took the place of the old Jesuit missionaries in the darkest days for Catholicity in China, have now for their field of work the greater part of Chi-li (including the capital) and the two south-eastern provinces of Kiang-si and Che-kiang.

Of Kiang-si something has already been said. In Chi-li thirty years ago the Lazarists had two vicariates and 52,000 Catholics (counting only those baptized). But in 1911 there were 259,000 baptized Catholics in four vicariates.¹ In and round Peking there are some thousands who are the descendants of converts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Most of the clockmakers of the capital are Catholics. The industry was introduced among their converts by the Jesuits in the seventeenth century, and has been handed down from father to son in these old Christian families. It is from Catholics with a record of at least three generations of the faith that the Catholic priesthood of China is being recruited. In Che-kiang, though the number of Catholics is smaller, the increase in the last thirty years has been proportionally even greater. The 500 Catholics of 1881 are now represented by more than 31,000.

In Northern and Central China the sons of St. Francis are evangelizing several provinces—the hilly province of Shan-si (*i.e.*, “the western mountains”) where the ridges that give the district its name force the Hoang-ho to make its great southward bend; North Shen-si on the other side of the river; the whole of Hu-peh and the south of Hu-nan in the heart of China. In Shan-si in thirty years the Catholics have increased from 15,500 to over 53,000. In Hu-peh from 21,000 to over 65,000. In the Franciscan missions of China in the year ending October 4, 1912, the baptisms of adult converts numbered 10,260. And there is proof of the solid Christian training given to the Chinese Catholics in the fact that the Franciscans had in the same year in their various missions nearly 6,000 lay members of the Third Order of St. Francis.

Five great provinces in south-eastern China, besides the northern mission of Manchuria and pioneer outposts of the frontier of Tibet, are in the hands of the *Pères des Missions Étrangères*. Jules Ferry once said that anti-clericalism was all very well as the Liberal policy in France, but “was not

¹ With reference to the rapid increase of conversions in Chi-li since the Boxer revolt of 1900, a French Vincentian Father tells me that among the converts are a large number of men who took part in the movement, some of them being actual participators in the massacre of the Christians and in the siege of the Legations and of the Peking Cathedral. “No doubt,” he charitably added, “they acted in good faith. They had been deluded into the belief that Catholicity was something horrible that every good patriot in China should try to root out by any means.”

an article for exportation." So even the present anti-clerical government in Paris has spared the famous seminary of missions in the Rue du Bac, the house from which in the last hundred years more men have gone to martyrdom in the Far East than from any other place in the world. Catholics who visit Paris might well neglect some other "show places" to visit this school of apostleship and martyrdom. No one who has ever seen its *Salle des Martyrs* can ever forget the impression. There are kept the relics of the martyrs of Tonkin, Korea, and China, things that belonged to them, in many instances the chains they wore, the instruments with which they were done to death. There is the little chalice that was used by the martyr Bishop, Mgr. Borie, during his missionary journeys in Central China. He was put to death in the most cruel way that the ingenuity of Eastern torturers could devise—tied to a stake and slowly cut to pieces. In the last days before he departs for the missions of China the young priest of the seminary says a Mass at which he is allowed to use the martyr's chalice. One does not wonder that men inspired by such traditions are doing good work in the Far East. The marvel is that a single seminary is able to supply so large a field, and steadily to recruit its students from one European country. This fact alone should forbid any fears as to the future of religion in France.

The largest number of Catholics in any one province of these French missions are found in Sze-chuen, where the 80,000 Catholics of thirty years ago have increased to over 112,000. The most rapid increase in proportion to the numbers involved has been in Kwang-si. In 1881 the mission was still in the pioneer stage, with only 754 baptized Catholics. There are now close on 4,500. The vigorous efficiency of this group of missions is shown by the fact that in the twelve months 1911-12 there were 10,523 baptisms of adults. In Yunnan many converts have been made among the aboriginal Lolo tribes. In the hill districts on the Tibetan frontier there is the nucleus of the future Church of Tibet, the country into which no missionary has penetrated since the Lazarist, Father Huc, was expelled from Lhasa in 1846.

Other missionary bodies at work in China are the Dominicans in Fo-kien, the Augustinians in Northern Hu-nan, the priests of the Milan Mission Seminary in Ho-nan, the German and Dutch missionaries of Steyl in South Shan-tung, the missionaries of the Roman Seminary in South Shen-si, and the

Belgians of the Missionary Seminary of Scheut in Kan-su, Kuldja and Mongolia. In every one of these missions a comparison of past and present figures shows an ever-increasing flow of conversions. Thus, for instance, in the Missions of Mongolia the Belgian missionaries of Scheut had thirty years ago thirty-two priests (all Europeans) and 13,000 baptized Catholics. Up to 1911 the increase in the number of Catholics was nearly 57,000, the total in charge of the missionaries being in that year 69,580. The number of priests had risen to 168, of whom thirty-nine belonged to the native clergy.¹

It will be noticed that in this enumeration of the missionaries of China we hear of Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians, Dutchmen, Belgians, and Germans all engaged in the good work, but no Chinese mission has its base of operations and its recruiting ground for workers in the English-speaking countries. English is the language which has become the commercial *lingua franca* of the East, and English-speaking recruits for the Chinese mission field would be most valuable helpers. Here and there one of them is to be found, but there are not a score in the whole of China.

The limits of this article prevent anything more than a general survey of the subject. Many interesting aspects of it must be passed by. Much might be said of the widespread work of rescue of abandoned children carried on in so many of the Chinese cities; of the influence of Catholic educational work even among non-Christians, of the valuable contributions to science made by the missionaries, of the special difficulties they have to contend with, and of the problems of mission policy; and, again, it would be interesting to cite the testimonies of non-Catholics to the good work accomplished.² I have tried to apply in this brief survey the

¹ It is interesting to note that "retreat houses" have been established in these Mongolian missions, in which, in a single year, more than 900 men made retreats.

² Take, for instance, the words of a man who has probably a more complete and intimate knowledge of China than any other European. At a Wesleyan missionary meeting here in England in the autumn of 1908, Sir Robert Hart said: "Although many of those present may not agree with me, I cannot omit, on an occasion such as this, to refer to the admirable work done by the Roman Catholic missionaries, among whom are to be found the most devoted and self-sacrificing of Christ's followers. The Roman Catholic missionaries have done great work, both in spreading the knowledge of one God and of one Saviour, and more especially in their self-sacrifice in the cause of deserted children and afflicted adults. Their organization as a society is far ahead of any other, and

test of statistics, in order to show how great a harvest has already been gathered in, and how as the years go on the results of the labours of our missionaries are more and more abundant. I have been able to deal only with the statistics of China and its outlying provinces, but there is an immense number of Chinese Catholics outside this wide region. There is a continual emigration of Chinese to other Asiatic countries and to America. Many of these emigrants are Catholics, and in many places they form fairly large congregations. In several of these places Chinese-speaking priests have been sent from the missions to care for them. But it is not possible to make an exact estimate of their numbers.

It is often argued that even the progress so far accomplished must count for little in comparison to the enormous field of operations before the missionaries; that even a million and three-quarters of converts are but a handful among the 350 millions of China, and the conversion of the country is an impossible task. But we must remember our Lord's words of the leaven that was to leaven the great mass, and not forget the small beginnings of Christendom in the whole world. In China the time of difficult beginnings is past. The fire that at first flickered here and there as if on the verge of failing is now spreading more and more rapidly and widely. Look back, for instance, at the typical facts already given for the Kiang-nan mission. Here if the rate of increase in the last ten years had been the same as the average of the previous four decades it would have been only 12,500 instead of over 75,000. Another indication of more rapid progress may be seen in the vast number of catechumens preparing for baptism. A few years of peace and stable government will mean for our Chinese missions such a rapid extension as has been rarely seen in the whole history of the Church.

A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

they are second to none in zeal and self-sacrifice personally. One strong point in their arrangements is in the fact that there is never a break in continuity, while there is perfect unity in teaching and practice, and practical sympathy with their people in both the life of this world and the preparation for eternity. The Roman Catholics were the first in the field; they are the most widely spread, and they have the largest number of followers."

The XXIVth International Eucharistic Congress at Malta.¹

THE Eucharistic Congress was opened on Wednesday, April 23rd, and closed, formally though not actually, with the Solemn Procession and Benediction on the Sunday following. The two or three thousand visitors from abroad have been unanimous in declaring it an unqualified success; whilst the Maltese will long remember it as one of the great landmarks in the religious history of their island. The expectations of those who stood sponsors for the choice of Malta as the rendezvous for the Congress of 1913 were high; but, as was evidenced by their public utterances in the course of the Congress and after it, the realization went far beyond what was even pictured in their imagination. Thus the Papal Legate, Cardinal Ferrata, in a telegram to the Archbishop Bishop of Malta, Mgr. Pace, on his arrival at Porto Empedocle after the Congress said, "Will Your Grace accept the expression of our deep gratitude and our sincere and affectionate assurance that the recollection and the example of Malta will remain indelibly engraven on our hearts." And again, Cardinal Bourne, to whom the Maltese are greatly indebted for his efforts in dispelling beforehand the prejudices against the choice of Malta as the seat of the Congress, declared in one of his addresses that "the success of the Congress was more than fully realized." Similar sentiments in still stronger terms were echoed from several other ecclesiastical dignitaries and eminent laymen who took part in the great gathering.

In recounting the causes which have gone to make the Malta Congress compare so favourably with the twenty-three others that preceded it, we cannot do better than refer to the words of the opening address by the Cardinal Legate.

What [he asked] will be the issue of our Congress, the twenty-fourth of the series? It is my most firm conviction, and I believe

¹ For the reports of speeches, etc., the writer is indebted to the local papers, *The Daily Malta Chronicle* and the *Malta e sua Dipendenza*.

it is yours also, that the Congress of Malta will be inferior to none. Certainly it will not have, it cannot possibly have, the distinctive notes of some of the others; but it will have many others of the greatest value and of a character peculiar to itself.

And then with remarkable insight into the spirit of the Maltese people, the Cardinal went on to enumerate some of these peculiar characteristics—the historic associations of the island, the demonstrative enthusiasm of its inhabitants, and their ardour in the upholding of their faith throughout the ages.

It is true that Malta cannot for a moment hope to compare in point of wealth and resources with the other great cities at which recent Congresses have been held: it is true also that the royal and aristocratic pomp which attended such Congresses as those held in Madrid, Vienna and London was lacking. But then Malta supplied something which it is the boast of its inhabitants no other Congress has witnessed, and that is the wave of religious enthusiasm which swept over all who took part in this sacred gathering.

It is extremely difficult to convey to English readers the nature of the soul that animates this little nation; yet, some attempt to describe it must be made, if we are to understand the remarkable scenes that took place in the course of the Congress. Malta is a small island, little more than a hundred square miles in area, about half the size of the Isle of Man. Owing to its strategic importance it has been possessed in turn by all the great nations that have held sway over the Mediterranean at one time or another in the course of history. Nevertheless thanks to an extraordinarily developed sense of nationhood, the Maltese people have ever been, and are still, a people apart. The growth of this national sense has been greatly aided by a tenacious clinging to the one Christian faith originally bestowed upon the inhabitants of the island by the preaching of St. Paul. So strengthened and illumined the Maltese national character remained unimpaired throughout the three hundred years' Arab occupation, although this people left indelible marks of its political and social organizations in the island, and transmitted its language to this day. The final expulsion of the Arabs in 1090 by Count Roger the Norman was looked upon as a religious victory, as well as a national deliverance. Henceforth the preservation of the Christian faith and of the national spirit came to be regarded as one and the same thing. The occu-

pation of the island by the Knights Hospitallers naturally tended to foster this sentiment, especially during the long struggle against the Turks in the sixteenth century. There seems to be no doubt that the memorable victory of 1565, when 40,000 Turks were forced to raise the siege of Malta after a three months' unsuccessful attempt to wrest the island from its 8,000 defenders, was due in great part to the idea rooted in the Knights and the Maltese alike that in fighting for their honour they were likewise fighting for their Faith.

It might be thought that this association of nationality and faith is in process of disintegration at the present day. This, however, is not so. It is astonishing how the history of the past lives in the mind of the modern Maltese. But perhaps that is not so surprising when we remember that he is aided in this by the numberless legendary and historical associations that cling to various localities of his island, its monuments, and its treasures of archeologic and historic interest—sights with which, it must be remembered, the inhabitants of this small island are in daily contact. The addresses at the Congress were full of allusions to these local relics. Read, for instance, the words of Father Sammut, the Rector of the Jesuit College, at the opening ceremony.

Previous speakers [he said] have dwelt on various reasons why Malta should be considered a fitting seat for such a Congress. There was one reason, however, which had been overlooked, and it was this: at the Palace Armoury, amongst other valued treasures, there was an important document—a Bull by Pope Paschal II., instituting the Order of the Knights of St. John. That Bull bore the date of February, 1113. Was it not meet that just 800 years after the foundation of that Order, a Eucharistic Congress should be held in the island whence the famous Knights subsequently derived their name?

Or again, witness the ceremony that took place on the occasion of the Pilgrimage of the Congressists to St. Paul's grotto, where the Apostle is said to have passed his three months' stay in the island. Near by is the mound where "the Father and Protector of the Maltese" preached his sermons, which according to legend were heard from the adjoining island of Gozo! Nothing but the imagination of a Maltese steeped in the traditions of his island could have prompted the idea that a tribune should be erected on that spot, a sermon preached and Mass said by a foreign Bishop.

This sense, then, of national unity through the faith is still flourishing in Malta. A religious feast—especially one which is not confined to this or that locality—is for the Maltese a national feast, a fact vividly illustrated by the Congress which has just closed. The imposing and novel ceremonies that took place during it, the enormous crowds that attended them, their unparalleled enthusiasm on the occasion of public Benedictions—all these testified to the recollection on the part of the people, inherited from their forefathers, that in their united acknowledgment of the triumph of God in the Blessed Sacrament the pulse of their national life beat quicker in their breast. On Sunday, April 29th, there was Pontifical High Mass at St. John's Church. Of the imposing interior of St. John's when decked out for such a solemn function it is impossible to write at sufficient length. All the treasures and wealth which the Knights lavished on this the temple of their predilection and which fortunately are for the most part still in its possession, are brought forth, to enhance still more the architectural beauty of its choir stalls and chancel and the many monuments of the distinguished leaders of the Order in the side chapels and the aisles. It was in this great shrine that the five Cardinals and sixty Bishops of the Congress, together with the English Catholic and other distinguished laymen were gathered, together with a countless crowd of ecclesiastical and lay Congressists, both foreign and Maltese. Catholics need not be told of the imposing spectacle which is presented on such an occasion when sacred ministers and congregation rise together while the Gospel is being chanted. To the Maltese, however, such a sight calls up with it a peculiar train of associations of ideas. His mind will insensibly go back to the days when the Cross-banner of the Hospitallers was brought in procession followed by the golden sword presented by Philip II. to La Valette on the occasion of his victory over the Moslem. He will picture the banner being laid low at the foot of the altar, and the naked sword held aloft by the Grand Master of the Order, in token of defence of that Gospel which was being read aloud. The spirit of ancient times is aroused in him and he feels with a vivid intensity that he too is ready to stand by the Cross and the word of his Redeemer. The impressive fanfare of trumpets which was sounded during the Elevation at this ceremony was but a symbol of the proclamation of his sentiments, which were actually manifested in a way that completely took the

foreign Congressists by surprise in the course of the public open-air functions.

Another feature of the Congress which has rendered it unique is the full use that was made in connection with its ceremonies, of the natural beauty and the picturesqueness of the island. We can mention two only of these functions, but they were such as to leave an unforgettable impression on all who witnessed them—the Blessing of the Sea from the Upper Barracca, and the public Benediction on the plain of Floriana. It is needless to mention that on both of these occasions, and in fact throughout the Congress, the weather was perfect. Mediterranean spring is too familiar to Englishmen to require description, but we may remind the reader that spring is *the* season at Malta. Towards the end of April and the beginning of May flowers are in full bloom and the atmosphere is charged with the delicious smell of the orange blossom. Many a Congress visitor was loud in his praises of the enchanting natural surroundings as he drove or walked to the various rendezvous in the country parts of the island.

Whoever it was that first conceived the idea of having a public Blessing of the Sea with the Blessed Sacrament from the Upper Barracca must be credited with a remarkable taste for the beautiful and the sublime. The Upper Barracca is a small place of popular evening resort laid out in garden plots and situated on the most conspicuous bastion of Valletta. The whole length and breadth of the Grand Harbour for which Malta is so justly famous stretches in front and on each side of it two or three hundred feet sheer down. As one looks down from the railings that surround its parapets the ferry boats in the harbour appear as mere dots on the water, while the warships and the merchant vessels at anchor take almost the semblance of toys. Opposite to it on the side of the harbour rise to an almost equal height the ancient battlements of the three cities of Senglea, Cospicua and Vittoriosa. To the left the eye is carried to the great breakwater and the open expanse of the Mediterranean. Hither the Cardinal Legate came, carrying the Sacred Host in a large monstrance of solid gold, on the afternoon of Saturday, April 26th, at the end of a long procession of lay confraternities of secular and regular clergy and ecclesiastical dignitaries. An altar of some height, with steps leading up to it, had been erected on that part of the Barracca which commands the widest view. It was impossible to admit more

people into the Barracca than the actual participants in the procession and a few personages of distinction; but the native population added a real touch of picturesqueness to the scene by occupying the bastions of the three cities opposite and every craft available (and they are many) on the harbour waters. Fully 160,000 people were estimated to be present. The humble folk of the neighbouring island of Gozo came in hundreds on their beautiful lateen-sail boats, whilst every ship in port had every man in its crew at every point of vantage on the decks. As soon as the monstrance was placed aloft in the view of all, the enthusiasm of the multitude broke all bounds. Lusty cheering from all sides could be heard above the din of church bells, the firing of petards and the hooting of vessels' syrens. It went on unbroken during the blessing, nor did it die away until, fifteen minutes or so afterwards, the procession was seen to return to the Church of St. John. From its very circumstances the spectacle presented on this occasion must remain unparalleled.

The closing ceremony of the Congress and the culminating religious act of those who took part in it, was the Solemn Procession and Benediction which occurred on the evening of Sunday, April 27. Impressive as was the Blessing of the Sea, this, the Blessing of the Land and of a whole people, was even much more so. Literally the whole population of Malta was present at this function, yet, thanks to the good behaviour of all present and to the stringent police regulations, not a single accident or unpleasant incident marred the solemn proceedings. Nature could not have provided a better locality than that on which this great act of public homage was enacted. The capital of Malta is built on a promontory facing the North and can be approached only in three ways; on the East side by the inhabitants of the three cities from the Grand Harbour, on the West side by the people of Sliema from Marsamuscetto Harbour, and on the South side by the remainder of the population from the country by the main gate entrance, Porta Reale, which is approached by a narrow bridge over the ditch. Just outside this historic structure there stretches an extensive plain lined with beautiful avenues, and known as the Plain of Floriana, from the suburb which bounds it on its southern side. From Floriana there emerges the long and narrow avenue of the Maglio public gardens which divides the plain as it were into two parts. It was here in front of the entrance to these gardens that a large

tribune and altar some thirty feet in height was erected for the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. In Malta weather conditions may be practically disregarded in spring, and accordingly no ornament that could be safely used under a roof was spared to embellish this temporary residence of our Lord in the Eucharist. This magnificent canopy was in the sight of all, whether of the crowds in the plain or of the spectators on the bastions and the house-tops of Valletta. The procession left St. John's Church at 3.30 in the afternoon. Between the Confraternities, guilds, secular and regular clergy, members of public bodies, seminarists, students, Bishops, prelates, local and foreign noblemen, choirs and chapters, the number of those who took part in it was near seven thousand. The procession took over two hours to pass any one given point, and though the distance traversed was not much more than a mile the Cardinal Legate did not reach the tribune before 8 p.m. Twilight is short in Malta, and by this time it was already dusk, but the sacred proceedings were visible to all by the flare of lights which surrounded the public altar. From the top of Porta Reale, which runs on a level with the bastions that gird the city, the sight was superb. Here the greater part of the island is in view, and the illumination of the distant country churches added awe and solemnity to the otherwise dark background of the scene. Silent expectation was universal as the Legate and the sacred ministers were discerned to be depositing the Sacred Host on the throne. Soon after, however, there followed a scene which far outran the hardest imaginings of the religious mind. Every Maltese, however humble, knows by heart the principal Latin hymns of the Church, and though his Latin words may often puzzle the scholar, yet he is never at a loss to join in the singing of a *Miserere* or a *Pange Lingua*. The Cardinal Legate intoned the *Te Deum*; it was taken up by those immediately around him and the chorus of voices swelled louder and louder as the verses travelled across the plain to the crowds on the heights of the city walls. The choir on this occasion was a whole population of 200,000 people with no one to conduct but the spontaneity of religious enthusiasm. No wonder Cardinal Nava afterwards declared that never until then had he come nearer to the realization of Heaven as it is usually depicted in the popular imagination. The *Tantum Ergo* followed and then a shower of rockets from the Floriana Church of St. Publius announced that the

Public Benediction (the supreme act of the Congress) was about to be given. The Blessing was received by all in a deep and reverent silence broken only by the solemn ringing of the bells of every church in the island. The Benediction over, the frantic cheering and applause of the whole populace broke out even stronger than the day before and was kept up vigorously as the huge crowds lingered at their place to see the solemn function to its end. This was brought about at an hour when night had already set in, by the deposition of the Blessed Sacrament in the Church of St. Publius near by.

We have lingered over the descriptions of these scenes because it is through them that the Malta Congress will be remembered; and it is they, as being thoroughly expressive of the very spirit of Malta and the Maltese that will make this Congress stand out as absolutely unique amongst similar gatherings in the past or in the future. Of the other features of the Congress little need be said. The actual proceedings took place at Musta, a considerable village near the centre of the island and five or six miles from Valletta. The road from the capital was decorated throughout its entire distance by the street decorations that are used by the various parishes of the island on the occasion of their several annual feasts. Musta Church, in which the addresses were made and the papers read, is a wonderful piece of architecture, considering that, through a great lack of funds, it was built at intervals stretching over a period of twenty-seven years. It boasts the third largest dome in the world, greater even in diameter than that of St. Paul's Cathedral. Its architect was Maltese; its builders the village inhabitants of both sexes whose only motive of work was the love of that God their temple was to shelter. Surely it was fitting that the grand-children and the great-grandchildren of those devoted workers should see the memory of their forefathers honoured by the presence of these august assemblies under the roof of the fruit of their labours! Indeed, the people of Musta gratefully responded to this gracious tribute by the scenes of extraordinary enthusiasm which greeted the more notable Congressists as they drove into the village or after they had delivered their orations. His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, we venture to say, will not easily forget the reception accorded to him on the occasion of his celebration of Pontifical High Mass at the Rotunda on Saturday, April 26th,

when amid the playing of the Papal Hymn by the local bands and the firing of petards, the horses of His Eminence's carriage were unharnessed on the confines of Musta and the vehicle dragged in triumph to the Church Square by hundreds of the cheering multitude. The English Cardinal had, in fact, won the hearts of the people by his remarkable address on the Holy Eucharist and the Family¹ which he had delivered the evening before at the same church.

Space does not permit of any description of other remarkable events of this Congress, such as the memorable sacred service at the Cathedral of St. Paul, in Notabile, Malta's ancient capital; or the General Communion of the children at the Church of St. Publius, Malta's first Bishop, and their march past to the number of 15,000 before the Papal Envoy, when, it is said, His Eminence was visibly affected by the sight. These and other events are but evidences of the great spiritual fruits reaped from this recent union of the nations in honour of God in the Eucharist.

One last word about the hospitality shown towards the visitors. These latter have proclaimed it in the local and foreign press in no stinting terms. In this, however, the Maltese were but manifesting a national trait which every visitor to their shores from St. Luke downwards has left recorded in words of deepest gratitude. Hospitality is the traditional boast of Malta. It was a gracious fore-thought on the part of the British Government to second this lovable characteristic of their subjects by placing a warship at the disposal of the Papal Legate for his conveyance to and from the island. The reception accorded to the representative of His Holiness on the occasion when, after his landing, he entered on foot into Valletta by the City Gate, was only equalled by those which the Maltese were wont to give their late Sovereign. Everywhere the Church dignitaries and prominent laymen were received with lusty cheering and clapping of hands which were likewise ungrudgingly given to the bodies of the visiting Congressists as they went about from one place of the island to the other. In an after-dinner speech His Grace the Duke of Norfolk said: "If no reporters are present I should like to say that this seems to be the only country in which I am appreciated. Wherever I go, I am recognized and people salute me; even little boys take off their hats to me. My wife says it is due to my

¹ Reported in the *Tablet* of May 10th.

beard; I, however, attribute it to your hospitality." And other distinguished foreigners repeatedly declared that they felt perfectly at home in Malta. How else could they feel when the Maltese have always had the leading European Power for their ruler, and when for three hundred years the flower of European nobility was to be found in their island home? After such a unique experience it is not surprising that the inhabitants of Malta understand the peculiarities of character of other nations by a sort of hereditary instinct. It was this fact, no doubt, that prompted a Bishop from a distant part of the globe to call his Maltese audience by the name of "cousins." And in truth the parting of every foreign participant in the Congress from the highest to the humblest was as the parting of relatives. Nowhere but in Malta could such a touching scene be witnessed as that which was presented by the send-off given to Cardinal Bourne at his departure on the afternoon of Ascension Thursday. As the mail steamer moved out of the harbour accompanied by innumerable boats, launches, large and small, carrying civic bands that played the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," at frequent intervals, the countless crowds on the Harbour Bastions raised a deafening roar of cheer and song and wildly waved their handkerchiefs to the man who had so completely won their affection as he stood hat in hand in a prominent position on the deck. The Cardinal's response to this farewell demonstration is contained in the following words which he wrote to the local press:

I leave Malta with a memory that will never fade of the glorious Eucharistic Congress. Such a universal popular outburst of deep devotion to the Blessed Sacrament could hardly be witnessed in any other land. I am now no stranger to Malta and it is hardly necessary again to express my sense of the courtesy, consideration and wonderful behaviour of its people. But there are things which, to be understood, must be seen, and once seen can never be forgotten.

VINCENT BUGEJA.

"Who is Angela, what is She?"

O Beautiful, whose kiss
Redeemed the Beast to Man,
We hymn thy mysteries
Since fairy-tale began ;
Most wise evangelists, who knew
Our tale too fair to be untrue.

From *Theios Mýthos*.

QUITE a number of people have told me that I have been saying hard things about my excellent sister Angela, among whose admirers I am, however, very far from the most reluctant.

Now I haven't meant to. In fact, I never recollect even *feeling* exactly hard towards her, though once I nearly did, and that was at Naples. We were on our way home from North Africa, and probably the Italian heat was heavier and more depressing than the fierce dry flame of the desert. Anyhow I was feeling sulky. My brother-in-law Dolly Lindisfarne had never seen the Bay of Baiæ and all the delightful details of its neighbourhood, and I had, and I wanted to show it to him, and I believed I knew how to. But Angela had got it all up out of two or three guide-books, and of course knew all the facts twice as well as I did, and had announced at breakfast that it was she who was going to trot us round, and that I wasn't to be sentimental. Never am I filled with so penetrating a scepticism as when Angela's got up facts. I establish myself on an inexpugnable rock: "Though I see, *I will not believe*." I simply won't. And I'm quite sure there's lots in life which must be faced like that. And I say to her: The obvious is quite certainly the untrue. (Yes, I sometimes condescend to saying even that sort of thing, to Angela).

Anyhow, off we went, and really, motoring along towards Pozzuoli the brightness of that dear country began to restore my equanimity. Of course we disembarked at the Solfatara, and Angela trotted Dolly round, and stuck her stick into the

heaving crust and made horrible sulphurous smoke wreaths rise, and lit matches, and showed him how the sand bubbled and frothed over the escaping gas; and while they were both spluttering and coughing in a perfect ecstasy of scientific inquisitiveness, I sat on the walls of that old crater and reflected upon change, permanence, reality, and Angela.

Angela really has been not a little misinterpreted, I consider. Her mind's an uncompromising one, and she believes in clean-cut distinctions and definitions, and asks for a plain Yes or No and won't stand humbug, and begs to be allowed to stick to facts. I confess all this. She goes straight to the point; and once she's determined what she's going to do, she'll cling on to her resolution like a bull-dog, protected by a perfect triple ring-fence of irrefragable reasons. It's not for nothing, I reminded her, that when she was a kid she used to say, at prayer-time, *My kingdom come, My will be done*—which also is a fact; but one she doesn't like to be reminded of, especially as a Nemesis has come down upon her for it. She has a small son, named Michael; and Michael one night flatly refused to say his prayers at all. Admonished not to be naughty, he stuck to his guns and was smacked. Then, tearful, but dogged, he exclaimed, "But, mummy, you wouldn't *let* me eat any more daily bread this day, even if I got it. . . ." I pointed out to Angela that the ruthlessness which, in her, expressed itself in the sheer intuition that she was destined to get her own way all through life, in the infant Michael was translated into that brutal logic which is more suited to the processes of the masculine mind. She was very angry and started on a disquisition on the Nature of Reasoning, and how women as a matter of fact. . . . (By the way, Angela can't stand these little dots I'm rather fond of at the end of sentences. She says it denotes unfinished thoughts. . . . No doubt it does. As if thought *ever* finished! If it did, why, the whole world would leave off going round. . . .).

By this time we'd polished off the Solfatara, and even drunk the—well, medical water which those delightful guardians, screaming with laughter at their joke, prescribe to the parting guest, and we joggled along to the amphitheatre—Angela compared it elaborately to Nîmes and to Pompei [Heavens, how we'd done Pompei, the day before! You exquisite country! you pine-trees, and golden sky, and sapphire sea; and you old mountains, and you soul of so many cen-

turies brooding there. . . . Yes, I was fed among you, by Angela, with facts; and lo, when Angela's back was turned how was I sidled up to by soul-curdling photographers and guides, perfunctorily sly, who sought to regale me on the laboured indecencies of antiquity. Poor wretched human life, in the midst of the possible exquisite dream, to lapse thus from the vulgar to more vulgar, till all the glory goes. (This is because Angela had kept telling me not to be sentimental: well—)], and we'd even visited Pozzuoli, and the pier St. Paul stepped on to, and the dripping temple of Serapis which comes up and down with the heaving and subsiding shore across volcanic centuries. . . .

And really, Angela, in it all, was looking so extremely pretty in a crisp and modern way, that I began to forgive her a good many things. After all, there are distinctly some womanly symptoms about the Lady Angela. One is, that she likes scent (*Je l'attraperais belle, moi*, if I used any. . . .). I shall never forget, when she'd been married only a few months, and I was staying with them for a week-end, how she sailed past us through the drawing-room, *très-grande dame*, just before dinner, perfectly *enbaumée* with "Amami."

"By Jove, we do!" I exclaimed.

She stopped and stared.

"My Angela," said I, "if you insist on wearing Italian scents with the most challenging of names, you must excuse me if I continue the conversation."

She'd never reflected that her scent meant Love Me.

But seriously, though it may seem ridiculous, my quite honest exclamation made me see how fond I was of my excellent dear sister, more than anything else had, so far, except her actual marriage. I gave her away, for there was no one besides myself and Mother, and Mother's an old-fashioned person and didn't like to.

After Serapis (a melancholy show, boarded up there in its slimy puddles—for the soil's going down again, and the temple with it, and the water's oozing up) we drove the brief remaining road to the head of the bay, and there, in an atmosphere at last as fresh as dew, and in an air like crystal, we marched into the pergola of the tavern where, the day before, we'd 'phoned for lunch to be ready for us. No doubt the railway did fuss sootily along between us and the sea, and the hard road branched off on either side of the poor shrunken

Lucrine lake, and the padrone was a polyglot. But O, the ancient landscape was so lovely that the modern *mise-en-scène* didn't matter: the upstart Monte Nuovo didn't either: I felt the centuries, all heaped up one on the top of the other just behind the lattice of illusion: very soon reality would work through, and I should find my ears echoing with the laments of Propertius, and the chuckles of Martial, and the gastronomic gossip of grave old Romans pacing the mole between the Lucrine and the bay, and, for background, all the confused outcry of that old town of seaside pleasure. . . . *ah pereani Baiae, crimen amoris, aquae!*

The lunch began it. I'd ordered it. It was classical from egg to apple (at least, we had fresh figs: but they did equally well).

It began with sliced eggs and anchovies and sprigs of rue and fennel fronds; and I announced with complacency, as I waved Angela's attention towards them, "*Secta*, dearest Angela, may I remind you, *coronabunt rutatos oua lacertos*." She was perhaps a little worried at the idea of anything preceding the oysters, but she accepted them with equanimity a good deal because of my having pronounced my Latin right. *She'd* learnt hers right at Girton even, and easily persuaded me she did it accurately, and of course it's true that Latin doesn't sound *like* Latin pronounced anyhow else. But it makes poor old Dolly mad.

After this came oysters, dripping and delicious from the Lucrine, and "*Ebria*, my Angela," I exclaimed, "*Baiano veni modo concha Lucrino!*"

"O yes!" cried she, not to be outdone. "And do you remember Juvenal's man who was quick to detect at the first bite whether his oysters came from Circeii, or the Lucrine, or from the Rochester beds? But which were really best, I wonder? These couldn't be beaten, surely!"

"Pliny," I answered with widening complacency, "says the Circean ones were the sweetest and most luscious. But there were fattening beds, you know, for transplanted oysters, here in the Lucrine. But," I added (with a fraternal sense of responsibility) "did they give you Juvenal to read at Girton?"

She looked at me, and infinitesimally winked (if I may so express myself) the tip of her already tilted nose.

Angela is sometimes quite genuine. I pledged her in amber-clear Falernian.

Dolly fed steadily.

A large red mullet from the bay formed the next course of this horribly expensive meal, and during it and the chicken which followed I allowed Angela to chatter to her heart's content about classical fish and fowl. Sturgeon, and the livers of geese fed on figs and dates, and capon fattened in the dark, were, I remember, her pet *motifs*. But Dolly was furtively eyeing the *Corriere*, and as for me, I was already among my ghosts, so she didn't have much of an audience, I fear. I was rebuilding the fantastic towers and pagodas of the fashionable town along the shore, and replacing the country houses, squat like fortresses, built by the older nobles, on the hills. And through the streets the *mulier quadrantaria* was promenading, and providing Cicero with matter for a phrase up there in the Roman law-court later on; and Cynthia was rocking in her painted, garlanded regatta-boat upon the Lucrine which seemed all "one floating rose"; and Seneca (who said this) was tossing in bed above the swimming-baths, with the heavy splashes waking him up just as he dropped off, and the noise of the fives and racquet-courts (well, *almost* fives and racquets), and the groans of fencers lunging and boxers boxing (well, it was dumbbells, to be accuratish; but anyhow, you can get practically the same thing on any day in Dover Street or Pall Mall. . . .).

"Permit me," I said, suddenly aroused by Angela's asking for a biscuit. I handed the dish.

"You see in me," I murmured, "a *libarius*, or maybe a *crustularius*; slightly earlier in the meal, I might, as a *botularius*, have offered you a sausage had I remembered to order any."

I was just beginning to imitate the various hawkers' cries (for I had Seneca on the brain), when Angela glared at me, and I realized that even at Baïæ, nowadays at all events, you must observe a few conventions.

"To me," said Angela, by way of a red herring, "the story of Caligula's bridge across the bay has always appeared most fascinating. Most. Can you not picture it?" She waved a vague hand.

"Nero and his mother," said I, "knock Caligula into fits."

"Tell us all about 'em, dear old chap," said Dolly. Dolly takes his trotting round rather hard. He's an intelligent chap in a particular sort of way, and likes seeing things and knows.

a lot, but he's all for not shoving things down people's throats, and he prefers my scrappy remarks or even my rather "coloured" stories, to Angela's reliable schooling.

So I told him about Nero and Agrippina.

"They both loved one another," I said, "in a savage and jealous sort of way, and each was in an awful funk of the other because one never knew what they mightn't do next. And they were as crafty as you make 'em. Nero wanted Otho's wife, Poppæa, and he was sure his mother would never let him divorce Octavia in order to get hold of her. In fact, Agrippina was ready to stick at no horror—*none*," I underlined—"to get Poppæa out of his head. Even Seneca (Seneca was a sort of Court chaplain, remember? Guide, philosopher and friend of Nero's youth. Poor chap. A man of fine feeling, in a way. But he had to open his veins, at the last, in his bath-room). Well, Seneca thought anything was better than *that*, so he introduced Acte to Nero, to eclipse the Empress in her turn. Now, just you look at that, Dolly, for a group of women. The outrageous Poppæa; the delicate, passionate, Christian freedwoman Acte, who really loved Nero (and that made it all the worse for her, poor girl); the gracious gentle Octavia; and the splendid reckless Empress. . . . And that wretched young fellow in the middle—a lonely, bewildered, almighty boy; scared and flattered out of his senses; with his lovely voice and his frantic, actor's impressionability and imagination; a buffoon, a poet, a *déséquilibré*, and a god. . . . Well, he settled on killing Agrippina. He gave that dinner-party and invited her, at his country house, Bauli, just up there. . . ."

Already caught by the mad interest of the tale, they started and turned to look. But the blue sea sparkled emptily, and no Imperial terrace crowned the promontory between Misenum and the Baian lake.

"Poor woman! she genuinely believed him, fooled by her mother's love for him. . . . She thought the party was for what he said it was—to mark the beginning of their reconciliation. He met her on the shore, and took her hand, and kissed her. He put her in the most distinguished place at dinner, above himself even. And then—well, at one moment, he was her little boy, back again; they laughed and talked, and had their little special reminiscences and jokes—and again, he was the Emperor, though still her son, gravely asking his mother's counsel upon things of State. And then,

with gentle courtesy, he led her all thrilled with happiness down to the Imperial yacht prepared for her. Himself he went home again, to keep his horrible vigil, gnawing his nails, and his teeth chattering, as he waited for news. . . .

"As though to drive home his guilt, God gave a 'glorious night of stars,' and a tranquil, silent sea. [I knew this page of Tacitus almost by heart.] But the death-ship had scarcely reached deep water, when the canopy over the Empress' couch fell crashing down to crush her, as Nero had arranged. And now observe, Angela, the cynical grin of Fate. They hadn't noticed that the high sides of the couch would break the fall and leave a space. She crawled out. And again, the mechanism which was to let the ship fall to pieces wouldn't work. Half the crew, who were innocent, dashed about hampering the conspirators. Clumsily they did what they could, and rushed violently to one side of the ship to make it heel over. They weren't enough: the boat turned so slowly that the poor woman and her maid slid gently and unharmed into the water. And still, the grisly humour of the thing! The maid, panic stricken, cried out that *she* was Agrippina—let them save their Emperor's mother! They beat her skull in with oars, and she sank. Agrippina saw the whole meaning of the plot, and, in horrible silence, swam shorewards. She was carried to her house above the Lucrine. She saw that her one chance, for the moment, lay in pretending she had guessed nothing. She sent a message to Nero: she had had a bad accident, but, thank God, was safe. All she needed, for the moment, was rest and quiet, to recover from the shock. Don't let Nero on any account trouble to come in person to visit her. . . . Nero, indeed, frantic with fear lest the whole story should come out, was racking his brains for a plan. Seneca, and the burly captain Burrus were summoned. Neither the philosopher nor the soldier, could, or would, help. At last to a freedman, Nero, without actually saying anything, conveyed what he wanted done.

"Meanwhile Agrippina up there had been wondering why no word had come from the Emperor. At first the beach had rattled beneath the feet of a noisy sympathetic crowd, who, hearing of her accident, had paraded the shore beneath her windows, armed with flashing torches. Suddenly they seemed to disappear. The night paused, and the shore was empty. '*Solitudinem, ac repentinus strepitus, et extremi mali indicia.*' Then she heard marching feet. She knew quite well who

were coming, and why, and who had sent them. . . . The servants fled, even the solitary girl who had stayed with Agripina in the dim bedroom. The men broke in.

" 'Tell my son I am better,' she said.

" They surrounded her. Then:

" 'Are you come to kill me?' she said; 'I will never believe Nero sent you!'

" They struck her head.

" Then she faced reality, and bared her breast.

" 'Strike here,' she said.

" For it was she who had borne to the world a Nero.

" Nero came that night and looked at her corpse.

" He said: 'She was a fine woman.'

" That same night too her body was burnt as cheaply as possible. As long as Nero lived, her miserable grave was never properly filled in. Then her servants made a little mound up there, by the road, where Cæsar's villa had been, with the whole bay spread out below her. . . . "

They said nothing for a long time, but sat looking at the sea and the mountain where these things had happened.

Dolly said suddenly: "Reminds me of a woman I read about in a book by an American chap. She met her husband, a most unholy blackguard, in a wood. He started quarrelling, and took up his hatchet and struck at her. As she died she kept saying, 'O Jack, you didn't mean to do it, did you? You never meant to, Jack.' "

I shuddered.

Angela pulled herself together.

"Nonsense," she said. "Nero was a monster and his mother was a perfectly horrible wretch of a woman, and I've no pity to waste upon either of them."

" 'Affection never was wasted,' " quoted Dolly, who had read Longfellow and is the sort of person who goes on liking him.

"There isn't much affection going round in *that* story," she replied.

"Why, my dear good Angela," I cried, "it's full of it—every one of those four women was in love with Nero, in one way or another; almost every *kind* of human love. Certainly his mother; certainly Acte. Even that poor girl Octavia whom he divorced and killed, after such loathsome accusations, in her frightened loneliness. And I believe even Poppæa did, whom he killed with a kick. And after it all, the

Furies got their claws in his skull, and he went mad with remorse. But you said, Dolly, affection never was wasted. I'd like to know if *somehow* he was redeemed. . . ."

"Pooh," she said. "It's all gossip about Poppæa; and I don't believe one bit in Agrippina. She just wanted to go on being Queen Mother. Octavia was a harmless fool."

"Ho!" I interrupted. "When the Chaldean told Agrippina Nero'd kill her some day, she answered 'And let him! provided he's Emperor.'"

"Gossip," she said serenely. "And as for his remorse, why he just thought it rather fine, like the actor he was, to be haunted by the ghosts of his crimes like Orestes in a tragedy."

"My dear girl," said I, "you've got a remarkable memory, and you quote other people's dogmas with great accuracy. Do remember all that's *interpretation*. We've both got a certain amount of data, and how we arrange and interpret it depends upon ourselves. As for me, I *like* believing in those stories. They fit in to the general interpretation which appeals to me."

"That," she said, "is your fundamentally vicious attitude towards history. You mustn't start with likes and dislikes. You must be impartial. You're a kind of historical hedonist. It isn't even pragmatism [she did sometimes get words a little wrong like this, and it added infinitely to the charm of her conversation. O, a very subtle charm, I grant you, to be savoured only by the elect, who could simultaneously be fond of her and laugh at her, and see through her and yet not be cynical; and above all, keep their emotions to themselves]. You don't claim to be any *better*, do you, for behaving as if these stories were true?"

"I?" I cried. "Good Lord, no."

"Well," she said, and seemed to think she'd proved something.

"However," I granted, "perhaps I am. The world is full of things which are so good that they *must* be true. The thing is, go on saying good things hard enough, and gradually people'll start acting on 'em and so they'll *become* true. Now I detect, as I said, in that story all sorts of loves which make the world more 'alive' and even a more beautiful place."

"O my dear Charles," said she, "you're too sentimental for anything. They were brutes both of them, and the world's the cleaner for their absence."

"Very likely," said I.

"Adolphus," she said, "my dust-coat."

And we drove on to Averno.

We walked down the narrow path beside the lake. The place was glorious in colour, but utterly desert, and far less like the pleasure-scene of the Empire than the distant landscape of myth, when it had been thought the gates of Hell. I loved this neighbourhood, and the wood on the slopes of the hill above us. (It didn't matter to me that it was fairly modern, that wood, and even Monte Nuovo beyond. Volcanoes did these things, as they always had, even in Aeneas's day, I suppose. So the volcanic cones around me were only so many more links with the worshipped past). This was the tangled wood through which Aeneas and his tired men came tramping, in the wake of the divine doves fluttering from patch to patch of sunlight, till at last the Golden Bough rustled and flickered above his head. And here was the little door—tiny, but so threatening and grim—set in the hill-side, by which they had made their way to Hell. The whole place was saturated with myth. We entered in single file, guides front and rear. Our pitch-soaked tow-torches flared and dripped and dazzled us in the blackness. Suddenly the guides stopped. There at our feet was the subterranean water, lapping, like live and undulating ebony. The guides rolled up their trousers. I grinned, wondering what Angela would do.

"If their Lordships would graciously mount?" smiled the older man, distributing these courtesies with undiscerning kindness.

"But what does he expect us to do?" cried Angela.

"Carry you pick-a-back," said I; "unless you'd prefer him to hold you like a baby."

"Nothing shall induce me to," she affirmed.

"But we cannot possibly leave you here," said I, "alone in Hell. And Dolly ought to see the place; it's the only chance he's likely to get [Dolly kicked me affectionately]; really, it's worth seeing. I'll stay here with you, if you're determined on it, and let them come round and fetch us again. But I really advise you to come yourself."

"Nothing shall induce me," she repeated, "to let Adolphus go out of my sight, or anyhow, not alone with those ruffians. And I won't stay here alone with you, Charles, either. Or by myself."

"Then," said I, "the problem is solved. We none of us go."

"Right O," said Dolly, with astounding good temper, because I saw he really wanted to try it. He always does.

"No," said Angela. "Adolphus oughtn't to have come so far and then go home without seeing it. I shall come."

So that was settled.

The further problem of the order of our going presented itself. We were three, and there were only two guides. Angela wouldn't go before me, because she thought she'd look ridiculous to me watching her departure. Dolly didn't matter. . . . Nor yet would she leave Dolly behind, so I had to go first alone, and it was settled that the guide who carried me off should return, having deposited me, to the party he had left. The two guides should then come on to me, carrying Dolly and Angela.

So my man splashed off with me into the black water. It was deeper than usual, and came well up his strong thighs, and circled round him disquietingly. He put me down at last on that extraordinary mosaic ledge, and then, for his torch had doubled suddenly and was useless, I gave him mine, and he vanished into the gaping tunnel and left me with a wick that leapt and flared and sank and then went out. I crouched by the old mosaic and the water lapped at my feet, and there was no sound and absolutely no light. No curtained midnight is so black and so dead.

Possibly Angela took long in arranging herself for transport; possibly the brain works quickly in such circumstances; possibly ghosts are well independent of time and impress the soul simultaneously, yet with distinct results in consciousness. Anyhow—how happy I was, how happy, there underground, in that interspace, the whole modern staging blotted out and done with! I passed rapidly through those centuries of pseudo-classicism which knew the reality neither of themselves nor of that older time they imitated; through, even, the Renaissance, with its far truer cult of that pagan myth which, being genuine myth, was able to be their life—a poisoned life, maybe, and carrying with it the death of that Christian self they abdicated—yet life, after all! For paganism is the true self-expression of the natural man. But through this I passed, pausing albeit for a moment to draw breath,—for I knew how to breathe it, that pagan atmosphere. . . . Then quickly, too, through those few more centuries that separated me from Rome and all that world where I could so easily have lived—that Neapolitan world where all that was Greek in me and

all that was Roman in me found its satisfaction. For if I am a Northerner, it is but as the Greeks and the Italians were northern before they reached those glorious countries where they expanded and became themselves.

Yes, I apostatized, and willingly, during those few minutes, from the North and from the East, from all that was not Greece and Rome. Sheer power, sheer beauty, what more did I want, as I sat there in the pitch blackness where all things were invisible, perched on my ledge in the subterranean corridors flooded with inky water, and ending, I knew not where, in a padlocked door? I sat there, blind and helpless, content with what the Greek and Roman gods could do for me. Behold, an allegory.

At last light showed, hesitatingly, from behind the curving tunnel. Suddenly, with a flare that blinded me, a form strode forth. . . . Was it Aeneas, brandishing the Golden Bough? Ah, Greece would not do, for he had left it. The Rome he came to found, and for which he worked and died, he never was to see. And even so, it perished too, though dedicated "To Eternity." Or had it indeed perished? was the myth idle? and the intrusive figure with its mystic branch, flaming through the dark, was it, too, useless and a lie? Surely, "too fair to be untrue." If the triumphant Greece and Rome of Naples and of Baïæ were after all too weak and too ugly, had Aeneas permanence of meaning and of value? I thought so.

But the management of Angela during the next few minutes effectually prevented me from giving another thought to Aeneas. I will only say that we accomplished the return journey successfully but with doubtful tempers, and soon were driving back to Naples.

On the way home Angela chattered volubly (out of kindness and to show that she wasn't in any way upset) about what she wondered the subterranean corridors could be. I might have told her; but I usually show it when I'm ruffled, and I was, to-day; not so much by Angela as by my own thoughts. So I kept quiet. Also I was depressed at the thought of this sacred soil, this Lucrine Lake, and Avernus, and Cumae, and Misenum, being so vulgarized. The Solfatara was a place to stick sticks into, and to be watched steaming. Serapis had his temple surrounded with mean hoardings. Railways and inns and motor-cars scattered soot and petrol and scraps of paper and peel round Baïæ (not that I minded that so much, save that no one had a kind thought nor a *salve* for Nero

and for his mother: all the way home, I said: *Ave Caesar; Salve mater Caesaris*, and blew little kisses to their shades). Avernus was just a lonely lake. The Sibyl's Cave was part of a buried villa and a show. Yet the myth clung tenaciously to the country, and refused to die, and the sky, that evening, was full of the glory of the Golden Bough. . . .

In the hotel, as I went upstairs, I saw Dolly given a telegram. He coughed a little; oddly, I thought, and I turned. He looked white, but didn't say anything then, and went towards Angela's room. Then he came to mine, and said that Gabrielle (that's his little daughter) was ill, and that he and Angela would go back that night; and would I wait and bring the car back with Albert, the chauffeur.

Albert says but little in any language, and nothing at all in Italian, so I did this. It was just as well he didn't want to talk, because neither did I. I didn't know what would happen to Dolly and Angela if they lost Gabrielle. And in fact, just as we arrived at Dover, they wired she'd not been able to recover. She died in the country, at my Mother's.

I don't for a moment propose to describe my return and my visit to the small child's room, nor what I thought when I saw her tiny face (it had grown so tiny—so tiny!) sunk into the pillow. Nor yet do I want to talk about Angela's behaviour. It had been, and still was, that of a heroine and a saint. Absolute self-control, absolute self-forgetfulness; never a moment's dishevelment, yet not a moment's hardness: common-sense (she would sleep, and eat, when she was bid); yet a tender imaginativeness, an intuition (even when she slept) of the baby's needs, which had seemed like inspiration. Such sweetness to me, when I arrived; such care for my comfort; such strength and wisdom towards little Michael, who was not stinted of the truth, not cheated of his last visit, too, and his kiss for his sister. Nor was the boy frightened, nor noisily tearful. In that house was no cowardice, and no selfishness, and no acting.

I said I wouldn't talk about it: but I give myself time, here, to think, in all its details, about it.

Exactly a year after this I was with them again, in London, and they'd been down that day to Dolly's father's place in Hertfordshire to visit the small child's coffin. Angela was tired and went to bed early. Even Dolly was a little nervy, and I took him out for a late walk. We made a biggish round: right down to Westminster by St. James's; along the

Embankment; St. Paul's; then along the Strand, the Circus, up Regent Street, round to the left, and back home down Davies Street. On the way I explained that I could tell, simply by the *nuance* of the crowd, exactly what district I was in. Thus Oxford Street, Holborn, Piccadilly, Regent Street, all differed entirely each from the other—judging just by the crowd and its style—no other criterion needed.

"That's a tallish order," said he. "I'd want some evidence of that before I took it."

Then we smiled: somehow we'd simultaneously thought of Angela.

"She's quite forgiven you," said he.

"But I behaved pretty rottenly," I answered, feeling extremely penitent.

"You mean chaffing her about myths and evidence and proofs and all that? At Rome, for instance, and that day at Naples? Well, I've often thought, old chap, not that you ever, I needn't say, behaved rottenly, but that you weren't quite yourself, somehow, then."

"Myself!" I said rather bitterly. "I've got about a dozen selves. We aren't all so single-souled as you, old man. Which do you mean? I was *one* of 'em."

"I mean your real self."

"Ah! there we are back again! Reality! the *real* self! The 'I' that talked about 'my' *self*. . . . They're *all* real, those selves; confoundedly so. Is there a *real-est*? O Dolly, what a chap you are for landing a man in psychical puzzles."

"I mean you said a lot of things you didn't mean."

"I meant a lot more things I didn't say; and *that's* what Angela quite well saw, and hated."

"You didn't *really* mean 'em.'"

"I *did*," I nearly yelled, "I did. I *do*."

"What a chap you are for paradoxes."

"O Dolly, but I do so want not to talk cant. And often paradox is the only alternative."

"But she doesn't talk cant."

"No, Dolly; God knows she certainly doesn't talk it nor act it. But if I'd said then what she said, I'd have been talking cant. But it was jolly low down of me to say what I did say, to *her*."

Dolly said, "Choggles, old boy" (he only calls me that in moments of supreme expansion): "you've never in your life done anything that's genuinely low down."

Now I have not only an enormous affection for Dolly, but a profound and most humble respect for all his utterances. That is why I didn't suppress that sentence.

After a pause he added:

"And I tell you what, Choggles. Since—last year—I mean since Naples and all that motor-cruise of ours, and then Gabrielle, and your extraordinary decency and helpfulness at that time, Angela's been *her* real self more than ever I guessed she could be."

"It's not me," said I, choking, "who gave help so much as got it. *Help*, you understand. There was something there to *be* helped; I've not abdicated: it's still there, but it's *helped*. And—well, yes; perhaps I helped too. 'Affection never was wasted,' as you said."

"What a chap you are," said Dolly, "for remembering things. And," he added, "for living in sort of parables."

With this appalling display of insight, he produced his latchkey.

We tip-toed past Angela's room, and peeped into the nursery. Michael too was fast asleep. The house was full of brooding wings and of the love of God.

C. C. M.

Notes on Familiar Prayers.

IV. THE *Veni, Sancte Spiritus* OF CARDINAL STEPHEN LANGTON.

KNOWN to its admirers even in the Middle Ages by the distinctive name of "the Golden Sequence," the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus* occupies an almost unrivalled position in the hymnody of the Church. It is, the reader will hardly need to be reminded, one of the five metrical proses still retained in the Roman Missal, and its aptness of phrase and intense devotional feeling have roused the enthusiasm of writers of every creed. That scholarly Anglican, Archbishop Trench, goes so far as to describe this prose as "the loveliest . . . of all the hymns in the whole circle of Latin sacred poetry,"¹ while Dr. Nicholas Gühr, in his work on the Sequences of the Missal, devotes some 130 pages to its elucidation, himself cordially endorsing the estimate of the sixteenth century commentator, Clichtovæus, who declares that "the author, whoever he was, when he composed this piece had his soul transfused by a certain heavenly sweetness, by which, the Holy Spirit being its begetter, he uttered so much sweetness in so few words."² Perhaps it may not be out of place to mention here that a quaint devotional exposition of the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*, composed in the seventeenth century by Father Richard White, chaplain to the English Augustinian Canonesses of Louvain, has recently been reprinted under Anglican editorship. Issued now with the name of *Celestial Fire*, this charming little volume gives a most favourable impression, not only of the earnest piety of our ancestors during those sad times of exile, but also of the writer's sense of literary form.³ Father White's translation of the hymn, which is

¹ *Sacred Latin Poetry of the Middle Ages*, p. 195, and cf. R. Palmer (Lord Selborne), *Hymns, their History and Development*, 1892, p. 63.

² Gühr, *Die Sequenzen des römischer Messbuches*, Freiburg, 1887, pp. 171—301.

³ *Celestial Fire, a Book of Meditations on the Veni, Sancte Spiritus*, written in the seventeenth century by Richard White. Re-edited by E. M. Green, with

prefixed, beginning:

Come, Holy Ghost, dart on a sinful wight
One ray from Heaven of thy celestial light, &c.,

has not been noticed in Julián's *Dictionary of Hymnology*, but it must be confessed that the version hardly deserves special remembrance. The most widely-diffused translation, which, in a modified form, has been adopted even in many Anglican collections, *e.g.*, in *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, is that of Father Caswall. It will be convenient to have the text before us, and we give it with Father Caswall's unaltered rendering:

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte cœlitus
Lucis tuæ radium.

Veni, Pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium.

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium.

In labore requies,
In æstu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

O Lux beatissima
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium.

Sine tuo numine,
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium.

Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium.

Da tuis fidelibus
In te confidentibus
Sacrum septenarium.

Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium.

Holy Spirit ! Lord of light !
From thy clear celestial height,
Thy pure beaming radiance give.

Come, thou Father of the poor !
Come, with treasures which endure :
Come, thou light of all that live !

Thou, of all consolers best,
Visiting the troubled breast,
Dost refreshing peace bestow ;

Thou in toil art comfort sweet ;
Pleasant coolness in the heat ;
Solace in the midst of woe.

Light immortal ! light divine !
Visit thou these hearts of thine,
And our inmost being fill :

If thou take thy grace away,
Nothing pure in man will stay ;
All his good is turned to ill.

Heal our wounds—our strength renew,
On our dryness pour thy dew ;
Wash the stains of guilt away.

Bend the stubborn heart and will ;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill ;
Guide the steps that go astray.

Thou, on those who evermore
Thee confess and thee adore,
In thy sevenfold gifts descend :

Give them comfort when they die ;
Give them life with thee on high :
Give them joys which never end.

Preface by the Rev. George Congreve, S.S.J.E. Longmans, 1913. Under the name *The Suppliant of the Holy Ghost*, the book had been edited by Father T. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R., and published by Messrs. Burns and Oates in 1878.

It was in this version, if we mistake not, that with Father Charles Cox for conductor, the hymn was sung at the Albert Hall, at the great meeting which took place there in connection with the Catholic Education movement, and again upon the occasion of the Eucharistic Congress in 1908. Few who were present on either of these occasions will have forgotten the effect produced by the eight thousand voices, more or less, who sang in unison the words of this magnificent poem. Its stately utterances, set to a melody which suited the deliberate and soul-satisfying rhythm seemed to lend themselves with peculiar appropriateness to the requirements of such a vast multitude. What is most characteristic of the hymn is the fact that, with all its intense devotional feeling, it is so adequate and dignified. The appreciation of Dr. Julian, who is speaking, of course, of the Latin original, seems to us in this matter to be singularly to the point:

The sequence [he says] combines a stately grace, a perfect rhythmic melody and a faculty of saying just the right thing in just the fitting words, in such a measure as to disarm criticism, and at once to defy comparison with any other hymn in any other language, and to make it almost impossible to present an adequate translation. . . . In the hands of any but a first-rate writer such a vast scheme would certainly have produced a sense of coldness and artificiality, but here "art conceals art" and the glow of devotion so transfuses and transfigures all, that one is content to admire the beauty and hardly thinks of the skill.¹

But the hymn is well known and it is not in any way the purpose of the present article to acclaim its merits, or to discuss its meaning. As regards the text, our earliest manuscript authorities show an agreement very remarkable for a sequence of thirteenth century date. In two places only do there seem to be found any serious variants from the present reading of our missals. Assuming, as we may fairly do, that the text published in Dreves and Blume's *Ein Jahrtausend lateinischer Hymnendichtung*² is founded upon a critical revision of the best available evidence, we may note that in line 17 the editors read *lumine* instead of *homine*, so that the text runs:

Sine tuo numine
Nihil est in lumine
Nihil est innoxium.

¹ Julian, *Dictionary of Hymnology*, p. 1213.

² O. R. Reiland, Leipzig, 1909. Vol. ii. p. 160. Cf. also Chevalier, *Poésies liturgiques traditionnelles*, Tournai, 1894, p. 85.

Father Blume would interpret this apparently in the sense that "without thy divine inspiration, nothing is seen in its proper light, nothing is harmless,"¹ but the words *nihil est in lumine*, especially when so construed, certainly sound strained and unnatural, and the obscurity of the clause stands in marked contrast with the limpid clearness which characterizes the hymn in all its other verses. What is more, the same editors, in line 23, read *languidum* in place of *frigidum*. This does away with the only instance of 'a perfect rhyme which the piece contains, so that the introduction of the *numine lumine* becomes all the more unpleasantly noticeable. To inquire into the manuscript evidence for the received text, would require more time than can be spared for such a detail, but one cannot help hoping that in any future revision of our missal sequences, the great Whitsuntide prose may be left unaltered.

Let us turn, then, to the much more interesting question of the date and authorship of this great poem. Fifty years ago it was quite commonly attributed either to King Robert II. of France, who died in 1031, or to Hermann Contractus, also of the eleventh century, but in neither case is there even the faintest semblance of contemporary authority to justify such an ascription. So hollow are these claims that, though formerly handed on, without verification, from one liturgist to another, they are now completely surrendered. The fact is that the character of the piece shows it to belong to a much later period in the evolution of sequence writing. Fathers Dreves and Blume, probably the highest modern authorities on mediæval hymnody, speak on the subject as follows:

This masterly and justly admired sequence for Pentecost has often been attributed to the French King Robert the Pious who died in 1031. Kehrein, in his *Lateinischen Sequenzen* and Chevalier's *Repertorium hymnologicum* in our own day speak plainly in this sense. That such a view is both incorrect and impossible must be patent to every real student of mediæval poetry. Before the twelfth century or at the very earliest before the close of the eleventh century a perfect rhythmical type like that presented by the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus* is inconceivable. For the same reason Hermann Contractus is equally out of the question. Other writers have assigned the piece to Innocent III. who died in 1216. Such

¹ See his article, "Veni, Sancte Spiritus," in the *Kirchliches Handlexicon*.

an attribution, unlike those previously mentioned, is not an impossibility, but it is both unverified and unverifiable.¹

Not only is the internal evidence of its rhythmical form quite conclusive against the possibility that our Whitsuntide sequence can have been the work of any eleventh century writer, but the more careful examination of the manuscript testimony, which has been undertaken in recent years, speaks strongly in the same sense. In the second edition of his *Dictionary of Hymnology*,² Dr. Julian points out that in every case in which the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus* has been reported to be found in any eleventh or twelfth century manuscript, the entry has proved, upon closer scrutiny, to be an addition by a later hand. This is conspicuously so, for example, in the case of an Einsiedeln codex (No. 113), where, though the text itself is ancient, our sequence has only been introduced in the margin in a writing two centuries later than that of the original scribe. On the other hand we have a number of relatively early copies of a date quite consistent with the authorship of Pope Innocent III. (1198—1216) or of some contemporary of his. The first in point of time, if we may entirely trust the description given, is the Paris MS., Fonds Latin, Nouv. Acquis. 1177, a manuscript of the eleventh century, in which on folio 83 verso the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus* has been added "in a hand of the end of the twelfth century."³ In any case it is certain that the sequence occurs in several manuscripts of the early part of the century following. We may particularly notice the fact that it was included in the Gradual of the great Augustinian monastery of Saint-Victor in Paris.⁴ This is significant because this collection was made beyond all doubt before the year 1239 and probably in the early years of the thirteenth century, when the memory of the great sequence writer, Adam of St. Victor, was still green. Again it seems likely that the *Veni, Sancte*

¹ Drevès and Blume, *Ein Jahrtausend lateinischen Hymnendichtung* (1909), vol. ii., p. 160.

² See p. 1721.

³ See Mearns, in Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology*, Appendix, p. 1721. In the list of Tropers given in the preface to their *Troparien* (*Analecta Hymnica*, xlvi.), Blume and Bannister undoubtedly call this MS. eleventh century, but the official *Inventaire* describes it as "Tropaire qui semble avoir été à l'usage d'une église de Toulouse; xiième siècle sauf quelques additions." Hence there seems to be some difference of opinion regarding the date.

⁴ This Gradual is now best represented by the MS. Lat. 14,452 in the Bibliothèque Nationale. See Misset et Aubry, *Les Proses d'Adam de Saint-Victor*, p. 22. Gautier, *Œuvres Posthumes d'Adam de S.-V.*, p. xiv.

Spiritus took its place about the same time in the Paris missal,¹ and also in the prosarium of Reims.² It would be dangerous to take too positive a tone without much wider and more minute research than the present writer has had the opportunity of making, but the available indications all seem to point to the conclusion that our sequence first acquired its vogue on French soil, and probably in Paris, shortly before or after the year 1200.

Turning now to evidence of a more positive kind we have two explicit statements, one attributing the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus* to Pope Innocent III., the other to Cardinal Stephen Langton, whose name is familiar to every schoolboy as the hero of Magna Charta. Neglecting for the moment the former piece of testimony, as we shall have occasion to consider it later, let us devote our attention to the writer who has made us acquainted with Cardinal Langton's claim. His name is unknown to us, but he is the author of a curious tractate on ecclesiastical symbolism, which so far seems only to have been discovered in a single manuscript, now in the Bibliothèque Mazarine. In the course of this work he has occasion to discuss the mystical interpretations of the word *Mater*, and he tells us that by "Mother of the Universal Church" is sometimes to be understood "the Grace of the Holy Ghost." This leads him on to touch upon the Holy Spirit's function of consoler; whereupon he remarks:

I say consoler because it is proper to the Holy Ghost to console those who mourn and are sorrowful. I might prove this by many passages of Holy Scripture, but I prefer to cite what has been said in praise of the Holy Ghost by a man venerable both for his life and his learning, Master Stephen de Langton, by the grace of God Archbishop of Canterbury, in a certain splendid sequence which he composed upon the Holy Spirit, using the following words: *Consolator optime, dulcis hospes animæ, &c.*³

¹ It is at least in the two Paris missals of the fourteenth century in the British Museum. See Julian, p. 1213.

² See Chevalier, *Bibliothèque liturgique*, vii., 384. The MS. of the Reims Prosarium is at Assisi.

³ The whole is given by Cardinal Pitra in his *Spicilegium Solesmense*, vol. iii., p. 130. *Consolatur, quia proprium est Sancti Spiritus consolari lugentes et tristes. Quod cum multis possim S. Scripturæ sententiis ostendere, placet tamen in testimonium adducere quod in laude Spiritus Sancti, vir vita et doctrina venerabilis, Magister Stephanus de Langetunn, gratia Dei, Cantuariensis archiepiscopus, ait in quadam egregia sequentia quam de Spiritu Sancto composuit, ita:*

Consolator optime
Dulcis hospes animæ
Dulce refrigerium, &c.

It is unnecessary to print again here the twelve lines (ll. 7—12 and 16—20) of the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*, which the anonymous eulogist proceeds to set down at length. But the first thing that strikes us about this piece of testimony is its unusual explicitness. If it were not that the thirteenth century manuscript which contains the passage may be consulted by anyone in the *Bibliothèque Mazarine*, and that Cardinal Pitra, who first published it more than fifty years ago, cannot have had the least motive for wanting to glorify Stephen Langton, one would be tempted to suspect some fabrication made in the interest of a preconceived theory. But this is out of the question, and we are consequently left to draw the inference that the writer's explicitness must be due simply to the fact that he possessed a piece of information which interested him and which he believed would interest his readers. It will be noted; first, that Langton was obviously living when this was written. If he were not, he would not be described as *Dei gratia archiepiscopus*, but as *bonæ memoriæ archiepiscopus* or something of that sort. Secondly, the writer evidently expected that the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus* would not be entirely familiar to his readers. The words occur, he tells them, "in a certain splendid sequence" (*in quadam egregia sequentia*) and he proceeds to quote from it at greater length than he is accustomed to quote from familiar prayers or breviary hymns. He often has occasion to allude to these in his treatise, but he is usually content with a brief reference to passages which he is satisfied that his readers must know as well as he does.¹ All this agrees well

¹ Let us take an example or two. To illustrate the application of the word *vita* to the Blessed Virgin, the author of the *Distinctiones Monastica* remarks, "Unde ei tam voce cordis quam oris canimus: 'Salve regina misericordiæ, vita dulcedo et spes nostra salve.'" *Spic. Solesm.* III. 273. Again, under *arca*, he says (p. 211), "Per hanc arcam designatur sacratissima Dei Genitrix et Virgo Maria de qua sanctus Ambrosius ait in quodam hymno:

'Beata mater munere—cuius, supernus artifex

Mundum pugillo continens—ventris sub arca clausus est.'"

Under *oves* we read (p. 27), "Oves dicuntur . . . martyres . . . Unde in hymno de martyribus canimus:

'Cæduntur gladiis more bidentium,
Non murmur resonat non querimonia,
Sed corde tacito, mens bene conscia
Conservat patientiam.'"

In his discussion of *arbor* (ii. 354), we have: "arbor significat sanctam crucem de qua Fortunatus episcopus in hymno ait

'Crux fidelis inter omnes arbor una nobilis.'"

Finally, we may notice his remark, "Et de sancto patre nostro Bernardo canimus quod ipse quasi vas auri solidum, fuit ornatum omni lapide pretioso." This seems to be found in one of the hymns of the Cistercian Breviary.

with the idea that the famous Golden Sequence was composed towards the end of the twelfth century.

It is plain then that the main interest of our inquiry centres upon the question whether the anonymous author of the *Distinctiones Monasticae* is likely to be a well-informed and reliable witness, and the present writer can only give it as his impression after a rather careful study of the whole treatise, that the author is likely to be well-informed and reliable. As Cardinal Pitra pointed out in 1855 the writer was plainly a Cistercian monk and an Englishman. That he was the former is shown by his reference to "our holy Father Bernard," as quoted in the last footnote; by his allusion to Walter Map's satirical attacks upon "us White Monks,"¹ and by his constant talk of *quidam, ex nostris* (one of Ours). That he was also an Englishman is not perhaps quite so directly demonstrated, but no one who examines closely the historical allusions contained in the treatise can be in any doubt upon the point. He speaks of the private seal of Henry II.,² of which he gives a curious description, of the death of Richard I.,³ of the downfall of William de Longchamp, the lame chancellor, who was at the same time legate and justiciar, and with regard to whom he quotes an epigram made upon his physical deformity:

Anglia, terrarum quondam laetissima, luge,
Pressa caput pedibus praesulis absque pede.⁴

Further, he makes constant reference to English writers like Walter Map and Alexander Neckam, and his interest in St. Thomas of Canterbury and other matters of national religious concern was clearly exceptional. What is even more significant, he quotes from the Epitaph of Benedict, Abbot of Peterborough,⁵ who died in 1193, and seems to be speci-

¹ De igne avaritiæ nos Albos Monachos reprehendit magister Walterus, cognomento Maph, his versibus:

Absit qui clero nunquam potuit bona velle
Griseus, ardescens, sine braccis et sine pelle.

Ignoscat ei Deus et nos agnoscat ex nomine "Formosi pecoris custos, formosior ipse."

Spic. Solesm. iii. 472.

² *Spic. Solesm.* iii. 233.

³ *Spic. Solesm.* iii. 466, and here again he quotes an epigram of Walter Map.

⁴ *Spic. Solesm.* ii. 265. Cardinal Pitra has supposed that this referred to Hubert Walter or Ralph Neville, but Longchamp is clearly meant.

⁵ *Spic. Solesm.* ii. 118. Cf. *Chron.-Angliae Petriburgense* (Caxton Society), s.a. 1193, "Obiit Benedictus abbas Burgi." The word *burgenses* in the satirical verses of Hugo Primas in *Spic. Solesm.* ii. 295, does not seem to me, however,

ally interested in Lincoln, for he recalls certain verses written upon Bishop Alexander of that See (*Spic. Solesm.* III. 467), and quotes a clever distich which *quidam Lincolnensis* had composed on the Bishop's pastoral staff:

Curva trahit dociles, pars pungit acuta rebelles,
Per baculi formam prelati discito normam.¹

But while the anonymous writer of the treatise was clearly a Cistercian monk and familiar with England, it is even more plain that he had studied in Paris, and that he reflected the cultured spirit of that great school of learning, then the centre of the literary world. He speaks in terms which imply personal acquaintance with the famous Peter the Chanter, who died September 22, 1197,² as for example, when he declares:

Master Peter, of happy memory, formerly Precentor of Paris, used to say that if you wanted to hear Christ you should go to ecclesiastics of good learning, but if you wanted to find Christ you should go to peasants of good life.³

And, indeed, the very high level of scholarship conspicuous in our author, forbids the supposition that he could possibly have lived in Paris without holding his own among the most learned of his day. He shows the same intimate knowledge of the Latin classics, which we may note in John of Salisbury or Giraldus Cambrensis. His treatise abounds in ready and apposite quotations from Ovid, Virgil, Lucan, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Terence, Pliny, Martial, Seneca, besides a number of later writers. The language and style are good, and the writer's literary taste, as shown by the many extracts which he makes, seems excellent. It is difficult to suppose that such a man could have lived at Paris without having more or less intimate personal relations with all the "dons," if we may import a modern idea into that very different world. Now this, be it remembered, was the world in which Langton spent all his early life. King John, at his wit's end for a pretext, when protesting against Langton's appointment as Archbishop of Canterbury, wrote

to refer to Peterborough, as Cardinal Pitra supposes, but to mean simply "burghers." Still, Hugo Primas, as we learn from *Spic. Solesm.* iii. 472, did come to England, a fact which seems not to have been known to W. Meyer when he wrote his papers in the *Nachrichten* of the Göttingen Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften for 1907.

¹ *Spic. Solesm.* ii. 387.

² See Gutjahr, *Petrus Cantor Parisiensis, sein Leben und seine Schriften*, p. 35.

³ *Spic. Solesm.* ii. 128. Cf. *Ibid.* p. 98. Magister Petrus Remensis, recordandae memoriae vir, qui nostris temporibus Praeceptor Parisiensis fuit, &c., and *Ibid.* 387 note.

to the Pope in 1207: "I refuse to accept the election of this Langton. He has done nothing but reside in France among my enemies, and I know nothing of him."¹ Of the chronology of Langton's early life we unfortunately know little. Felix Liebermann, who is not likely to have written without authority, declares that at the time of his death in 1228 the Archbishop was "far advanced in years" (*hochbetagt*).² If this be true he must have been born in 1160 at latest. He is quite likely, then, to have gone to Paris before 1180, and after taking his Master's degree he remained there lecturing on Theology and on Scripture until he was called to Rome by Innocent III., and made a Cardinal in 1206.³ If he indeed wrote the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus* it would in all probability have been during those years in Paris where the splendid achievements of Adam of St. Victor, who probably died in 1192, cannot have failed to arouse the emulation of the keener wits in that fervid literary centre. Indeed, the number of sequences of very high merit, which certainly belong to this period, and have been assigned somewhat heedlessly to Adam himself, may be taken as evidence that many able pens were employed in this way. What more likely than that a brilliant and devout young professor like Langton should have amused himself by competing in a field which others cultivated so successfully? This at any rate has already been noticed, that our manuscript evidence points strongly to Paris as the earliest home of the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*, and the very treatise we have been discussing, which may well have been written in Paris itself about the year 1214,⁴ con-

¹ See A. Luchaire, *Les Rois saints*, p. 200. John's words are "Inimicus regni Angliae publicus qui diu degens Parisiis et legens (i.e., lecturing) regi Francorum et erat et est familiarissimus." *Matt. Par. Chron. Mag.* ii. 112.

² *Ungedruckte Anglo-Normannische Geschichtsquellen*, p. 319. I do not know from what chronicle Liebermann has taken this.

³ See Denifle, *Chartularium Universitatis Parisiensis*, vol. i. p. 99 note. From the *Chronicle of Evesham* (Rolls Series), p. 232, we must infer that Langton had been lecturer to Abbot Thomas de Marleberge when a young man, probably before 1190, and also to Richard, Dean of Salisbury. It seems highly probable that Stephen Langton, if born in 1160, and Lothario de' Conti di Segni (Innocent III.), who was certainly born about 1161, were fellow-students in Paris. This is explicitly stated by H. W. C. Davis in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. But whereas Lothario quitted Paris for Bologna in 1181, Langton stayed on in Paris until 1206.

⁴ The author speaks of Toulouse as a place where "heretics are abundantly mixed with Catholics," and quotes the distich—

Urbs est pomposa, tam perfida quam populosa,

Nomine Tolosa, meritis inscripta dolosa.

This clearly refers to the Albigenses.

stitutes one of the earliest testimonies to the growing popularity of the Pentecost sequence.

A second reason which would lead us to infer that the author of the *Distinctiones Monasticæ* was likely to be well informed concerning Cardinal Stephen Langton is the fact that he was a Cistercian. For nearly six years the Archbishop, unable to enter England in the face of John's relentless hostility, took up his quarters, as St. Thomas had done before him, and as St. Edmund was to do after his time, at the Cistercian Abbey of Pontigny. That the ties thus formed by Langton with the Cistercian Order were of an intimate nature may be inferred from many indirect indications. In none of the smaller chronicles is he more warmly spoken of than by the Cistercians, *e.g.*, of Waverley. Cæsarius of Heisterbach records a confidence made by Langton to Henry, Abbot of Heisterbach,¹ while at a much later period the Cistercian, C. de Visch, went so far as to declare that during the years spent in Pontigny, the Cardinal, by permission of the Pope, himself assumed the Cistercian habit.² It is in any case certain that in 1222 Langton, finding himself at last in a position to requite his benefactors, entered into an undertaking that a subsidy of fifty marks should be paid yearly to the Abbey of Pontigny. This was further increased by St. Edmund Rich in 1238.³ Let us only add that if, as seems probable, both Langton and the author of the *Distinctiones* came from Lincolnshire,⁴ the latter had a special reason for his interest in the Archbishop's doings.

Turning now to what we know of Langton himself there seems to be the strongest reason for regarding him as a possible and even a probable writer of sequences. To begin with, his reputation for scholarship stood so high among his contemporaries that it is difficult to suppose that it was not founded upon gifts of a quite exceptional order. Not only the chroniclers of England and France, but those of Germany, the Netherlands, and Italy eulogize him as one of the luminaries of his age. Neither are these notices copied from some

¹ Cæsarius, *Libri viii Miraculorum*, Ed. A. Meister, p. 10.

² Visch, *Bibliotheca Scriptorum S. Ord. Cisterc.*, Cologne, 1656, p. 302.

³ Martene, *Thes. Nov. Aec.*, iii. p. 1247.

⁴ It is plain from the documents printed by Stubbs, *Preface to Gervase of Canterbury*, vol. ii. p. lxiii. (Rolls Series), that Henry Langton, the Archbishop's father, was a man of landed property. Mr. Oswald Barron, in *The Ancestor*, vol. vii. p. 166, denies that the Archbishop was connected with the Langtons of Langton, near Spilsby, but the matter does not seem clear.

stereotyped source, but they are in many cases the independent appreciations of contemporaries. For example, Alberic of Three Fountains describes him as a man who "was called *par excellence* the theologian above all the men of his time."¹ William, the author of the *Chronicon Andrense*, who had met Langton at Viterbo, declares² that his conduct was above reproach, and that he was "eminently a man of learning" (*litteris apprime eruditum*). Cæsarius of Heisterbach, writing in Langton's lifetime, assures us that "he is known for his learning to be second to no theologian of our day."³ One French chronicler, Robert of Auxerre, who died before Langton himself, praises his integrity of life and calls him "illustrious among the masters of Paris both for his eloquence (*facundia*) and for his knowledge of Scripture,"⁴ while again the *Histoire des Ducs de Normandie* says *boins clers ert et de haute clergie*.⁵ These were not mere compliments paid to Langton himself, but things written about him by those who knew that their opinion would never meet his eye. The Popes in addressing him almost always paid a tribute to his scholarship. Honorius III., for example, in 1221 uses such language as this: "To thee who amongst the other men remarkable for their learning throughout the world art conspicuous for thy eminent scholarship and for the prerogative of more profound learning."⁶ Even when scolding the Archbishop for what the Pope considered his mistaken action, Honorius expresses his surprise that errors of judgment should be possible in a man who "possessed such pre-eminent knowledge of the Holy Scriptures."⁷ Still more noteworthy in some respects is the phrase used by Innocent III. when first announcing Langton's promotion to the See of Canterbury. It was, he declares, "most grievous to us to part with one who hitherto as it were had shared our burden in presiding over the universal Church" (*qui quasi nobiscum hactenus universalis præfuerat ecclesiae*).⁸ To our ideas, no doubt, this insistence on theological and scriptural learning and upon administrative ability would rather seem to militate against the probability of a special talent for hymn writing. But it does

¹ Albericus Trium Fontium in *M. G. H.*, SS, xxiii. 922.

² *Chronicon Andrense* in *M. G. H.*, SS, xxiv. 737.

³ *Libri viii Miraculorum*, Ed. Meister, p. 10.

⁴ In *M. G. H.*, SS, xxvi. p. 272.

⁵ *Histoire des Ducs*, Ed. Fr. Michel, p. 110.

⁶ Denifle, *Chartularium Univ. Paris.*, i. p. 105.

⁷ *Royal Letters of Henry III.* (Rolls Series), vol. i. pp. 543 and 547.

⁸ Preface to *Gervase of Canterbury* (Rolls Series), vol. ii. pp. lxxiv. and lvii.

not appear to have been so. It was no other than the supreme theologian of all, St. Thomas Aquinas, who, when invited to apply his genius to the composition of an Office, produced such masterpieces of hymnology as the *Lauda Sion* and the *Pange Lingua*. Moreover, in Langton's case we have definite evidence that he gave himself to the composition of verses in hymn-metre, verses, moreover, of a very excellent quality. As lately explained in these pages a fashion came into vogue in the twelfth century of writing a hundred and fifty salutations to our Lady, each beginning with *Ave* and each containing some allusion to the dominant idea of the corresponding psalm. These exercises have been aptly called "Ave Psalm Psalters." Abundant specimens of the kind exist, and Father Dreves has published a considerable selection in his *Analecta Hymnica*. Now, amongst these is an "Ave Psalm Psalter," which in three manuscripts is found with an attribution to Cardinal Stephen Langton, and on the strength of this rubric Father Dreves has printed them as Langton's. There seems no sufficient ground to doubt that this attribution is correct, the more so that there exists another piece of evidence which the German writer has apparently overlooked. This is found in the remarkable Norse Saga of St. Thomas of Canterbury, based in large part upon a memoir of the Saint by one Robert of Cricklade, a contemporary of his. In this Norse document we meet the following statement. The writer is speaking of St. Thomas's life as a student in Paris, and while commending his innocence amidst great temptations, attributes this result to his devotion for the Blessed Virgin. The story is narrated in the present tense.

Her he serveth even now to the utmost of his power, in purity of life both as to spirit and body, in beauty of mind and fair prayers. Unto this he addeth what has since become widely renowned, in that he compoundeth praise of our Lady both for private reading and for proses in the Church. He was of all men the first to find how to draw some meditation out of every psalm in the psalter, out of which meditations he afterwards made verses of praise to our Lady. Following his example Stephen Langton did the same in England, and later still the same was done by three masters west in Scotland at the request of Queen Isabell whom Eric Magnusson had for wife. It is also averred by all folk that the Blessed Thomas composed the poem *Imperatrix gloriosa* and another, a lesser one, *Hodiernae lux diei*.¹

¹ *Thomas Saga Erkibyskups* (Rolls Series), i. p. 22. It is curious that the *Hodiernae lux diei* is one of the proses that has been erroneously attributed by

There can be no reasonable doubt that Cardinal Langton's "Ave Psalm Psalter" here alluded to is that printed under his name by Father Dreves. The length of this paper must preclude extensive quotation, but here, for example, is the sixth stanza recalling the opening words of Psalm vi., *Domine ne in furore tuo arguas me neque in ira tua corripias me.*

Ave, vitæ janua, salus poenitentis,
Respice miseras animæ languentis,
Ne in ira sentiam vocem arguentis
Me peccatis exime simul et tormentis.

Here is another specimen connected with the words of Psalm xc., *Qui habitat in adjutorio altissimi in protectione Dei coeli commorabitur.*

Ave, quam inhabitat Verbum caro factum,
Qui collapsos vetiti ligni per contactum
Nos fecisse condolens cum inferno pactum
Ligno vitæ reparat figuli vas fractum.¹

Making allowance for the restrictions imposed by metre and subject, these specimens, and others that might be quoted, seems to show that the writer possessed a very remarkable facility. Whether he could rise to higher levels would probably depend a good deal upon the inspiration of the moment.

Perhaps no better tribute to the generally high standard of the verses can be found than the fact that the entire poem of 150 stanzas was printed by William Morris at the Kelm-scott Press. The editor did not know that there was good reason to attribute the work to Cardinal Langton, and his brief introductory note states simply: "These poems are taken from a psalter written by an English scribe, most likely in one of the Midland counties, early in the thirteenth century."

But little space remains to speak of the attribution of the sequence to Innocent III. The evidence amounts to no more than this, that in a life of the sequence-writer Notker, by Ekkehard, the fifth of that name, the biographer gives us an account of a visit to Rome paid in his own time by Ulrich, Abbot of St. Gall. In connection with this, mention is made of a Mass of the Holy Ghost celebrated in the presence of the

some, but not by Gautier or Misset, to Adam of St. Victor. If this passage of the Norse writer proved nothing else, it is at least valuable testimony to the fact that sequence writing exercised the best wits among the Paris students at the close of the twelfth century.

¹ See Dreves and Blume, *Analecta Hymnica*, vol. xxxv. pp. 153—166.

Pope in 1215 with the sequence *Adsit nobis gratia*, and it is incidentally stated that the Pope himself had composed a sequence *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*. The author of the Life, who may have written it down about 1220, is probably repeating the account given by Abbot Ulrich on his return. Of course it is possible that Ulrich was correctly informed, and that he transmitted to Ekkehard a faithful report of what was told him. But on the other hand it would be easy to suppose that Pope Innocent, either when a young student in Paris, or later on at Rome, when Langton came to reside there at his request, had come to know and admire the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*. If the Pope spoke of it to Abbot Ulrich in their conversation about sequences and sequence-writers it would not be a very violent supposition to imagine that Ulrich may have rashly inferred that the Pontiff was speaking of a work of his own composition. On the other hand, if Innocent were the true author the difficulty would be much greater. As he left Paris in 1181, before he was 21, he is hardly likely to have produced such a masterpiece at that early age, but if he composed it at a later date we have to explain not only the fact that Langton should be so positively named, but also the apparent diffusion of the prose from Paris as a centre.

Let us add in conclusion a curious testimony to the repute in which Langton was held, taken from the same Norse saga that has already been quoted above. It is not a contemporary tribute, but it comes to us from an authority who in many respects was singularly well informed. Speaking of the translation of St. Thomas of Canterbury, carried out by Cardinal Langton with great splendour in 1220, the Norse chronicler says:

Stephen was so great a clerk that Pope Innocent III., a right glorious man, the predecessor of Honorius, estimated his learning, on comparison being made of men of wisdom in the world, in words of this import: "All the riches that the Church can boast of in learning come to this," said he, "that she hath but two clerks and a half. 'Stephen Langton in England is a full clerk; the second is Master Galfridus, a full clerk too; but the third am I, being no more than half a one.'"

If this passage in any way reflects the veneration which Innocent had for Langton's scholarship, one can easily understand that the Pope would be an ardent admirer of any such by-product of his genius as the *Veni, Sancte Spiritus*.

HERBERT THURSTON.

Gracechurch Papers.

XVII. A FAREWELL PARTY.

DURING the autumn and early winter of 1870 I was at home: at the end of January I went away to school, Addison's school, and Garrick's, and Dr. Johnson's, at Lichfield: and, after about a year and a half, or perhaps two years, there, when the Head-master took a living, I went with him, and was again a private pupil, having two or three companions. All that may be passed over here, having nothing to do with Gracechurch, though much with myself. When I was about fifteen I again came home to stop for some time, not going to another school for nearly two more years.

Those years were as happy as any I had spent at Gracechurch, and the happiness of them was largely due to the Grace family, with whom I almost lived, at Gracechurch House, often staying there for weeks together. If I say little of those kind friends here it is partly because they are still alive, all except dear Colonel Grace, the largest-hearted man I ever knew; and partly because, full of character and individuality as the whole family was, it was their *own*, and not local, or particularly coloured by Gracechurchian ideas and ways.

I have never known any other people who seemed to have so thoroughly the secret of being useful and amusing at once, or who so heartily combined the business of serving others and entertaining themselves. They were full of good works, and found a large share of their enjoyment in doing them: all their benevolences were treated as part of the day's amusement. I think that was why the poor people liked them so much, and I should have believed that this way of theirs was an inheritance from their mother were it not for the fact that it was also peculiarly like their father.

Mrs. Grace was long dead at the time of which I now speak, and her death was the first great sorrow I ever knew.

After forty-six years the memory is so full of pain that I cannot bear to dwell upon it here.

During those two years that I spent at home, before going to my last school, many things happened important to myself; but these papers are meant to be as little as possible autobiographical, and so I pass them over also. The Gracechurch Papers were never intended to embody the story of a boy's conversion to the Catholic Church: if here and there some episode has slipped in foreshadowing what was, I think, always inevitable, those episodes have been allowed their place here mostly for the sake of the Gracechurch memories that hang about them, and the people of dear Gracechurch days connected with them. Whether those who knew me best suspected whither my steps were carrying me, I cannot rightly guess: they said nothing, that I can remember, to show that they did. Sometimes my kind friends at Gracechurch House would chaff me a little, always very good-naturedly, about some new development. Once on returning from a long visit somewhere, one of them said, laughingly, "Johnnie always comes back more High Church than he went away."

But nothing was ever said to hint that I was supposed to be peering so far beyond the Gracechurch horizon as Rome.

As I said, those last real Gracechurch years were very happy: they were the last in which I felt that I really belonged there; for after I went to my last school, I was at home only for the holidays, and often only for a part of them. While they lasted it hardly ever struck me that, in the time so rapidly drawing on, when I should have to go out into the world and earn my bread, the old links would be severed, and Gracechurch would know me no more: that the dear place would presently have to draw about itself the tender, shadowy veils of a memory. I had often been reproached for being too imaginative, but my imagination concerned itself very little with my own future. It ranged backward rather than forward, and occupied itself with other things and other people: with things gone and lost, that I would have loved should be present still, with men and women whose finished life had a more potent spell for me than any life I saw about me. Honestly I must confess that the first attraction of the Catholic Church itself lay for me in the glamour that lay around it as a great, wonderful thing belonging to the old, noble past, when all the world was gilded with a

light since faded from sea and land. I only mention this because I think it has been so with many others: that, at first, they drew near, with reverent step, to do homage to an incomparable relic, appealing to them with all the poignant force of pathos and immemorial, sacred, but monumental beauty: and presently found that the relic was more, that the *Corpo Santo* for which they had brought only wistful sighs and tears was alive: that it spoke still, and with a living voice—no stereotyped, fixed echo, archaic, lovely, but in a dead language—a voice still heard in many lands, still obeyed by folk of many rival aims over all the world, still wording the same Physician's same prescription for sick and sorry men, always teaching the one undying hope, never falling old, because eternal: a voice that cannot be heard without the perception of irresistible invitation. This, I think, is the great difference: that which has been called, in its course, by many names, almost all meant scurvily—Puseyism, High Churchism, Ritualism—has ever implied one hopeless attempt, the wistful endeavour to ignore the English Reformation: to talk and act as though it had never taken place, as though it were an indecorous nightmare, not real but horribly phantasmal; a thing to shut one's eyes to, and hark back to attitudes and positions long vanished. So that, without the least insincerity, there has always been, in the idea called by all the hard names mentioned, an archaism and an unreality: whereas in the position of the Catholic Church there is always an obdurate practicalness most unwelcome to such as cling to noble shadows. She admits the English Reformation as a luckless fact, and never tickles herself with the pretty fancy that the English people have been Catholic all along without in the least suspecting it: she knows well that the old faith was sent packing, not treasured under a local name and insular disguise: if it is to come back it must be brought back, not merely unfolded from its tissue-paper in some unfrequented cupboard. At first this present-dayness of the Church does not attract, but repels rather, those whose effort it is to reconstruct what has never been ruined but only banished. To many, I cannot help believing, conversion to the Church is the awakening from a dream, the summons to walk with opened eyes in the highway of actual life, and a reluctant abandonment of delusions half a life old, fed on lonely, studious, regretful yearnings back to days gone by forever. The Sadducees were not alone in thinking God the God, not of the living, but of the dead.

But, as I was saying, such day-dreams as were mine concerned other figures than my own, and times past rather than days to come: they were not plans or schemes as to what I should make of my own life, and whither it would carry me, far from home and Gracechurch. I did not want much to be grown up, as boys, perhaps, mostly do: it seemed to me that it was excellent to be about seventeen. Nor had I any wish to go and seek fortune in some other place: my idea of happiness was to live always where every field and cottage was like a familiar face, to die at last among the kindly folk I knew. *Dis aliter visum*, and it is five and thirty years since I left Gracechurch never to see it again.

In a former paper I mentioned that the coming of the Leland family to the Mount seemed to produce quite a little outbreak of hospitality: Mrs. Leland and her daughters loved to give parties, and of course the ladies who went to them felt bound to follow suit. I say "ladies" advisedly, for there were no gentlemen, the male element being represented by one boy, and (only occasionally) the married curate.

I remember being invited to stay at the Mount, and it was considered necessary to give a party during my visit—to amuse me. Our day was not eventful. At seven we were called; at eight we were all in church: at nine we breakfasted. Afterwards the four ladies worked, and I read aloud to them—an improving work that seemed likely to last some time, as we paused a good deal to discuss it. At eleven we went for a walk—except on Wednesdays and Fridays, when we repaired first to Church for the Litany. The walk was not long, but lasted an hour and a half at least, for the pace was slow, and if the road lay at all uphill, Mrs. Leland liked to stop more than once to turn round and admire the view—always the view behind us. Before setting forth we fortified ourselves against undue fatigue or strain on the constitution by a glass of port and a dry biscuit. But, in offering this, Mrs. Leland would propose a Pick-me-up—to avoid, perhaps, the Bacchic suggestion of wine in the forenoon.

At one we dined, and it was not considered essential to our refinement to call the meal luncheon. There was no idea of going out in the afternoon—that would be to risk missing callers. So we sat round the drawing-room fire and enlarged each other's minds by our conversation. Mrs. Leland and Miss Toft rather preferred to listen, and armed

themselves with fire-screens (painted by Miss Alicia) to do so more intently. A little before three, however, they brisked up, and went to change their caps. Miss Leland and her sister did not wear caps, but they also vanished for ten minutes or so, and came back indefinitely smarter.

Everybody then did some sort of work; the older ladies knitted, the younger went on with church embroidery, and their visitor again read aloud—it was *David Copperfield*, I remember.

If somebody called the reading was interrupted without undue suspense; that's the best of reading a book where you know what's coming. If no one called we went on till tea-time, and agreed (like Miss Bingley in *Pride and Prejudice*) that there is no enjoyment like reading.

Tea was not brought up to us; we went down to it, in the dining-room; and it lasted some time, not because we ate so much, but because we had so much to say. At Gracechurch we could all talk forever, which shows that many things must have happened there not recorded in these papers. After tea it was just the same: there was merely a change of room; we went on talking. We did certainly play chess, and backgammon, and sometimes a pool of commerce: but only as a sort of *obligato* accompaniment to our conversation. At half-past eight we went down to supper: at half-past nine the maids came up to prayers. At ten we sipped a glass of negus, and "so to bed."

It does not sound exciting: but then excitement was not looked for, or desired, at Gracechurch: it was exciting when the cook rushed up to report the kitchen chimney on fire—but a false alarm after all: and exciting when the cat swallowed a fish-bone too large for her, and seemed likely to produce it to public view on the new hearth-rug: but Miss Leland, who was all presence of mind, snapped her up in the *Guardian* and got her safe to the front garden in good time.

There was no other *contretemps* during my visit, and the only great event was the party. The eve or vigil of it filled the house with a warm jellyish smell, and also with a faint odour as of laurel-leaves boiled in milk, indicative of *blanc-mange* on the morrow.

"Some people nowadays," Mrs. Leland observed, "flavour with essences—bitter almonds and lemon and vanilla: but in my younger days we never thought of them. To give

the proper flavour we always used bruised laurel-leaves, or lemon-rind, or a vanilla-bean boiled in the milk—you can use it more than once."

There was not quite so much reading aloud or embroidery that day, and two of the ladies stayed at home when we went for the morning walk. I do not think that any of the family did any of the actual cooking. "But," said Mrs. Leland, "cook is youngish (she looked about forty when I saw her at prayers) and of a very anxious temperament. It's only fair to her to have someone standing by she can appeal to in uncertainty."

In the course of our walk the old lady explained that there were two special objects for this party.

"It's partly in your honour—for we owe you a little amusement, and it *is* quite an honour to have a gentleman staying with us. Except when my son-in-law comes we never do have one. Miss Toft, dear; Sister Julia; shall I tell him our little secret?"

Miss Toft, in her sepulchral voice, said, "Ay, why not?" And Miss Swinkin also gave her sanction.

"Well, it was to be a surprise to you: we shall have *two* gentlemen to-night. My married daughter and her husband are coming."

I expressed all the excitement I felt.

"You'll find him a very interesting man. Very superior."

"Literary, too," said Miss Swinkin.

"Quite. He wrote a pamphlet on *Cotton-Waste* and had it printed: it's dedicated to the Mayor of Liverpool—at least, he was Mayor the year after: quite a Merchant Prince I understand."

"So the party is in honour of Mr. Cludd too?" I remarked (not jealously).

"No, not exactly. I did not mean that. The party was settled before we knew he and Selina were coming. But, besides being meant to afford a little variety to you, it's partly for the drawing-room paper."

I had heard of a party in honour of a new carpet, but never of one in honour of a wallpaper that was not new: and that on the Mount drawing-room had been there in Cousin Jem's time.

"You see," Mrs. Leland went on, "the paper's all over roses—and they were yellow roses: quite a strong yellow——"

"Mustardy," suggested Miss Swinkin.

"Yes, almost mustardy—if that is not too strong an expression. And our chintzes are all over cherries. We always disliked the contrast. It has worried us for years—but we saw no way out of it. At last Maretta had an inspiration——"

"Few, outside the family," Miss Swinkin asserted, "realize the power and resource there is in that girl."

Maretta's mother gave a little grateful mew and went on,

"'I'll paint them out,' said she. And we knew she would do it. There were nineteen hundred and forty-seven yellow roses and eleven hundred and twenty buds, and she has painted them all out with Chinese white first, and painted them in again with crimson, to go with the cherries in the chintz."

Not without shame I confessed that I had never noticed.

"No, my dear. Gentlemen never do notice such things," said Mrs. Leland handsomely. "We watched if you would say anything: but you didn't: and Alicia said of course you wouldn't. 'If the wallpaper was vegetable-marrows on a ground of shrimps a *man* wouldn't notice: and Johnnie'll be a man before we know where we are, mark my words, else.' That's what Alicia said."

Having been blind to the chameleonic behaviour of the roses I felt it unbecoming to protest against the wholly hypothetical vegetable-marrows: and could only, on next beholding it, regard with veneration the paper that had cost the family such vexation and one of them such labour. It was wonderful how she had brought the roses to so perfect a conformity with the cherries, indeed, the buds looked rather like cherries.

Mr. and Mrs. Cludd arrived in time for tea: of course we walked to the station to meet them. It was not our custom at Gracechurch to order out the *Gracechurch Arms* fly on such occasions: we escorted visitors home on foot, the railway-porter bringing the luggage on a hand-barrow, for which he expected ninepence, and would pretend to fumble for threepence if you gave him a shilling.

Mrs. Cludd was so like both her sisters, who were not specially like each other, that she looked like a compromise between them: a sort of Family Compact, like an alliance between France and Spain long ago.

She was younger than Maretta, and older than Alicia, but plumper than either, and with a more pronounced air of

creature-comforts about her—though the course of life at the Mount was not ordinarily ascetic. Her clothes were almost worldly—"every stitch on her comes out of Bold Street," Miss Swinkin boasted auntfully. I fancy she thought more of her children than of stoles: and the churchiness of her maidenhood had condescended on a certain willingness to dine with the best Liverpool families, irrespective of ecclesiastical colour.

"I don't like," I heard her say to Maretta, "to hear you speak so sharply of the Unitarians. In Liverpool we dine at five Unitarian houses—and there are none more respected. In Lancashire and Yorkshire there's a good deal of it, and it runs in families that are quite squires. The Pograms of Twilt Hall have been Unitarians always, and the place has been theirs for generations. It's the same with the Blicklicks of Sunny Park—and Mrs. Blicklick's name is on every subscription list, for churches and chapels, and all their hands are always in their pockets, the Unitarian families' are. If you lived more in the world, Etta, you'd think better of the Unitarians."

"One of Nat's godfathers is a Unitarian," said her husband incautiously. Mrs. Cludd tried to chill him with one eye while she warmed her sister into larger sectarian sympathies with the other.

"Oh, that's a mere matter of form and compliment—of course Nathaniel has two real godparents of our own church. You mustn't look so solemn, Etta: we're very staunch church-people, and the church we go to is higher than yours here—considerably—and a good deal farther off than our parish church: that shows: I only wish you *knew* Mrs. Blicklick—I'm sure all the best things on my stall at our bazaar she gave me, though she knew it was for our church-organ."

After supper I had Mr. Cludd to myself for nearly half an hour.

He was, I think, at a loss what to begin talking about.

"I suppose," he said, desperately, when he had helped himself to port, "there's, there's a good deal of er-earnestness in this parish?"

He said it in the same tone he might have used had he supposed that smallpox was endemic in Gracechurch—not nervously, having a consciousness of effectual vaccination.

"Mrs. Leland said I was to be sure and say you were to smoke your cigar if you liked."

"I will, then. But I'll finish my drop of port first—it's wonderful what good port these old women get hold of. I daresay I give double what they pay here, for mine, and I don't know that mine's any better."

He turned his chair a bit from the table, and made himself more comfortable: though not of a proud look he had a high stomach.

"I put my foot in it," he said, cheerfully, "letting out about my young shaver's Unitarian god-papa. My wife gave it me for it afterwards. She'd have been just like her sisters if she hadn't married. If old maids had three or four children to occupy their minds they'd not bother about such things. Selina was saved in time—I had my doubts at first. There were three of them and all so churchy: a man don't want to sit in a pew when he comes home from his office. However, I noticed that it was useful things *she* was always stitching at—not church millinery. And one day I found her alone at it. 'What are you makin'?' I asked her: and she said 'things for poor people.' 'Something for an old man?' I guessed, and she laughed at me. 'He would have to be a very small old man,' she said; 'it's a child's garment.' I thought that if she took so much interest sewing duds for poor folks' brats she'd be likely to be more interested makin' 'em for children of her own. So we fixed it up. It's only a pity no one did the same for her sisters—excellent women, both, only I suppose there's not a man here except the curate—"

"And he has a wife and four children already."

"That's very unfair. Rectors should always engage bachelors for curates—and sack them once they've married. That would keep the ball a-rolling, and give a chance all round: my wife tells me there's to be a muffin-worry to-morrow: that's unfair too. I should have let Selina come alone if I'd known. I like a dinner-party well enough—but that's the only sort for a married man, and dances for bachelors: if I'd meant to attend tea-parties I should have been ordained. . . ."

Once set going you will perceive that Mr. Cludd was not unwilling to talk. He went on for five-and-twenty minutes. Early in the afternoon of the next day he loudly proclaimed that he had a toothache, but his wife would not hear of it.

"I don't have toothache on dinner-party nights," she reminded him, "and you're not going to have one on my

mother's tea-party night. Be pretty-behaved and I'll see there's a rubber for you. Aunt Julia and mama are as good whist-players as any ladies that dine with us——"

"But I hate dummy," protested Mr. Cludd, who instinctively divined that I was equal to one.

"Yes, but there's Mr. Magnus" (and here she shot a supplicatory glance at me). "He's first-rate at a rubber; clergymen always are. Isn't he, Mr. Ayscough?"

I assured her that Mr. Magnus was no exception to her rule: and Mr. Cludd succumbed. Of course, during this conversation we had had the drawing-room to ourselves.

The party began soon after half-past five. In full dress we sat in the drawing-room awaiting the guests, our usual fluency of conversation failing us, though we were all trying to talk more naturally than ever. The fire was duly red; the curtains all drawn and draped with especial care to look easy and careless—like ourselves; the wax-candles (there are none now; blinding, haggard electric-light has sent them where the dodo is) were all lighted. The whist-tables were ready; and Miss Alicia's song ("The Wreck of the Hesperus") stood open on the piano.

Then came a ring at the bell, and an interval: we knew a lady—perhaps four—had arrived, and that "wraps" were being discarded in the study, that had been Cousin Duck's smoking-room. Mrs. Darrell and Miss Broom resulted: the elder sister in spruce weeds, the younger in her cinnamon-coloured poplin: both in bracelets and chains with lockets attached—the late Mr. Darrell inside his relict's, the maternal parent of both ladies in Miss Broom's: but Mr. Darrell was secluded behind an onyx lid, while Mrs. Broom peered out from a circlet of remarkably large diamonds, one of which had dropped out, but didn't show, owing to the dexterous arrangement of Miss Broom's lace.

Miss Thrush, and Miss Hussy Thrush followed: it is too late to tell all about them here. Their father had been a Perpetual Curate of a lean outlying parish, with about £80 a year: his widow and daughters lived close to the Mount, on St. John's Hill. Miss Thrush was clever and satirical, and came in with the air of having a joke against tea-parties up her sleeve—though it only reached to her elbow. Miss Hussy was ten years younger, very pretty, and rather wilful. Her dress was unduly picturesque: she had real flowers in

her black hair, instead of artificial, and a queer sort of veil of very old Limerick lace round the back of her head and round her neck and shoulders, fastened in front with a paste shoe-buckle and a bunch of more real flowers. Miss Swinkin thought this very indecorous, but showed that nothing would make her show it. Hussy Thrush laughed a little, and pouted a little, as she gave her greetings, as though she thought it funny being where she was, and wished she could carry Gracechurch and herself anywhere else, and not necessarily to the same place. It is fair to say that all this was her wilful manner; she lived, and seemed likely to live forever, a very dull life attending most thoughtfully upon her very old, quite paralyzed mother—what a pity I have no time left to tell *her* little romance: it was all to her credit, poor girl. Her sister was only at home while waiting for a new place, having for a dozen years been a governess. She always got very good places, and had been made much of in one family after another, so that on the whole I think she had the best of it. Hussy would have liked to be a governess, but then there would have been no one to tend their mother.

Hot-foot on the two sisters arrived one Miss Gibbs, one Miss Windsor, and two Miss Shrimptons. It was Miss Patricia Gibbs—the one who taught me to read and write: Miss Gibbs never went forth into the world, and Miss Florry would not hear of leaving her alone for a whole evening. All four ladies were very smart in their last new evening dresses, not yet three years old, and in ribbons much newer still. They had come to enjoy themselves, and had a pleasant look of it: at Gracechurch we did not go to parties out of a sense of duty, or in atonement for our transgressions.

Another ring at the bell brought Miss Wool, a rather elderly lady (perhaps a little nearer seventy than sixty) who lived all alone in a house much too large for her, at the top of St. John's Hill. Her voice had a hollow rumble in it as though she were talking in a big empty room, that, however, was not due to its being habitually so exercised, but to her having no roof to her mouth. As a small child I had been much awed by the report of this circumstance, and supposed that there was nothing between her tongue and the crown of her bonnet. She had a long, cold-looking nose, and was not unlike the pictures of Mrs. Pipchin in *Dombey and Son*, but did not resemble that Peruvian widow in character, for she

was a meek, generous old woman, who victimized no one, and did many quiet acts of charity. She liked playing cards, and was not sorry to leave her silent, gaunt house for a few hours on such an occasion as this. When we first came to Gracechurch, her sister, Mrs. Mole, was alive: and that lady had been rather fond of good clothes, leaving at her death such a store of expensive black behind her that Miss Wool had been wearing it out ever since, so that she looked almost like a widow; even her caps would have been widow's caps had she not trimmed them with little black bunches of ribbon and jetty flowers, and made *fichus* of the strings.

Miss Harry Dray came last of the ladies, and I think Mrs. Leland had almost given her up: her invitation had been couched in terms of peculiar cordiality—to obliterate the memory of the hostile termination of the famous meeting. Of course, crinolines were long abandoned in 1875, but Miss Harry Dray had still a crinoliny appearance; she looked as if she had on four or five voluminous dresses one over the other, as Dutch gentlemen long ago were reputed to wear half a dozen pairs of trousers. She piqued herself on her "presence," and not unreasonably. Whatever might have been the colour and texture of the invisible, and suppositious, gowns, that which showed was of velvet, and a quite imperial purple. Her greetings with the Leland family were fraught with amenity and forgiveness: a wreath of olive would have been almost more appropriate than the velvet pansies adorning her still black hair. But she glowered at Hessy Thrush and her "play-actress" real flowers and indecorous "veil-thing." However, it disposed her to be more confidential with Miss Swinkin, and the reconciliation with the Mount in general was sealed by her perfect agreement with that lady as to the impropriety of "that Thrush girl's bazaar appearance."

The last comer of all was Mr. Magnus, whom we could not help hearing talking to the maid as he removed his goloshes on the stairs before he actually appeared in the drawing-room. It was not without elation that Mrs. Leland directed Mrs. Darrell's attention to the fact that "we had actually three gentlemen."

Tea and coffee were now brought up, on silver trays, with much less to eat than on less ceremonious occasions. Mr. Cludd took a cup, and disposed of it at one reckless gulp, as though taking poison and wishing to get it over.

"Ain't used to cat-lap between meals," he told me in

an aside that was not quite a whisper, setting down the empty cup on the top of the *Christian Year* to the visible discomfiture of Miss Alicia, who thought this profane.

Mr. Magnus took several cups of tea, and two pieces of bread-and-butter flattened together with each, as though it were better than nothing. He had been out all the afternoon, was hungry, and wished it were supper-time.

After tea we talked, till Mr. Cludd caught his wife's eye so ominously, that she hurriedly whispered "cards" to her mother, who was trying to make Miss Wool understand that it was the wallpaper not the chintz that Maretta had "painted out and in." There were two whist-tables, and the rest of us played Loo, except Mrs. Darrell, who excused herself on the ground that her late husband had known, as a young man, a Baronet who had had to sell his property in consequence of his fondness for Pharoah. "And it seemed to make it so much worse," she said, "the name of the game coming out of the Bible. And I resolved never to play for money—not, of course, that Loo comes out of the Bible, or that I see any harm in it. I hope you'll all win, I'm sure: and I shall sit here and admire these very pretty engravings of Italy: I shall take particular interest in them, for dear Mr. Darrell was much in France before we married. He wanted to take me there one year—to stay with a Marquis—and he assured me the frogs are quite a different kind from ours, much larger: but I could not see that proved much, for a goose is far larger than a duck and much more indigestible. My sister will play with much pleasure: she and my dear husband often played *Ecarté*: and I will buy her lives for her—or her fishes. Is it lives or fishes in Loo?"

By supper-time no one was ruined or obliged to dispose of real estates, and we went downstairs hungry and quite elated. Miss Broom had won two and ninepence and her sister congratulated her warmly. Harry Dray had won nearly five shillings and was glad she had forgiven the Lelands and come to their party.

"It's very small," she told her sister on reaching home, "letting on you even remember merely personal offences. And, in her blinded way, Maretta Leland is a well-meaning woman. But I wouldn't be her *partner* at whist. She gave us the odd trick twice."

The views of Italy had given Mrs. Darrell an excellent appetite.

"This boned turkey is delicious," she assured her hostess, "stuffed with oysters, is it? Ah! how they make me think of dear Mr. Darrell! He loved an oyster—in his younger days. Latterly it was little he could take, except gruel, at this time of an evening. I can never hear of gruel without remembering that I am a widow. For months after he was taken I used to have nothing else myself—to go to bed on: tho' my sister thought it too much for me—his own little basin every night, you know. When the maid broke it, I had it rivetted, though Mason charged four-and-six and it only cost eighteenpence new. But at last the doctor put his foot on it and declared it was too lowering for my sensitive temperament—negus and a chicken-sandwich he insisted on. Well, one more slice, then, a very thin one—for the sake of association."

Without such associations to excuse us we all made a very good supper—even Mr. Cludd, though he felt that a hot meal would have been less effeminate.

"It's like," he confided to me, across Miss Wool's back, "a ball-supper without the ball, and more room to eat it in. So far so good. And earlier. If one *has* to pasture on cold-stuff, it's a blessing not to have to sit up till midnight for it."

He slightly raised his eyebrows when he noticed the champagne-glasses, and almost pursed his lips, as much as to say, "These old women go it pretty strong." And presently, after a loud pop, that made Mrs. Darrell jump a little, a bottle swathed in a white napkin was carried round.

"You must take a glass of our champagne," said Mrs. Leland to Mrs. Darrell; "you must, indeed. It's our own recipe and our own making: the recipe was my grandmother's: and we were delighted to find such a number of gooseberry-bushes in the garden here."

Mr. Cludd's face fell. The maid was carefully filling Mrs. Darrell's glass, and very pretty the sparkling bubbles looked, but Mr. Cludd eyed them almost with horror. I was determined he should make no further confidence to me behind Miss Wool's back, and sat resolutely forward. Mrs. Darrell sipped with placid gusto.

"We always drank champagne," she said, "at Christmas and on our three birthdays. But ours came from France: I don't think dear Mr. Darrell was aware it could be made in England. I think this is nicer: it has more taste, and

doesn't prick one's nose so: the French champagne makes the bridge of your nose feel queer. I think this is more a lady's wine."

Mr. Cludd said "No, *thank* you" with such emphasis that I felt quite sure he agreed with her last sentiment.

Miss Harry Dray sat next him on the other side: she quaffed her wine with quite a gentlemanly relish.

"It's very good, indeed," she declared, "and has the full flavour of the ——"

"Gooseberry!" suggested Mr. Cludd.

"Of the vine. In America, I believe, they speak of currant and gooseberry vines. Perhaps the art of distilling champagne from those fruits was known to the early settlers, and the term arose thus."

Dear old Miss Wool praised the wine to me, but confessed, privately, it made her hiccough:

"It always does," she said, "the last time I drank any was at a wedding—I was a bridesmaid: I had been bridesmaid at three weddings in one year."

She sighed meekly, and I wondered whether on that far-off day she had been mindful of the saying that "three times a bridesmaid means soon a bride." I think so: for, after a short pause, and another little sigh, she said gently and much more cheerfully,

"Everything turns out for the best: as things were I was able to be with my dear sister in her widowhood, and her spirits were not equal to solitude. Had I gone to Nova Scotia I could not have been with her when she died."

She hardly seemed to be thinking of me, and I said nothing to remind her how young was the recipient of this small confidence: indeed, I felt half-ashamed as one who overhears a soliloquy.

Towards the end of supper there were further trials of Mr. Cludd's masculine orthodoxy. After dressed-crab, served very hot in tiny china shells, liqueur-glasses and liqueur-bottles appeared. But Mrs. Leland called it Cordial.

"This," she said, "is Peach Cordial: and this is Strawberry Cordial: both very digestive. As a digestive, Mrs. Darrell, you must try one: in case the turkey and the crab should quarrel with one another."

Of a most placable disposition Mrs. Darrell could hardly refuse what came in the guise of a peace-maker.

"Dear Mr. Darrell," she admitted, "would sometimes

quite compel us to take a little Cherry Brandy: he held it to be sovereign against chill of the st— against any internal chill. I daresay Peach Cordial is the same."

She also sighed as she sipped at her small glass, but Mrs. Darrell's sigh was very comfortable: it bore no reference to what might have been, and was only a tribute to what had been, to a past pleasant and prosperous, that still almost formed part of a present prosperous and not unpleasant. She was, indeed, a widow: but then dear Mr. Darrell might have been a widower: and that would have been very sad.

After supper Miss Alicia sang her song, which took about a quarter of an hour, and had, of course, a regular plot, like most of the songs we knew and liked. Then Mr. Magnus sang *his* song, "The Village Blacksmith," almost in character so brawnily did he stand and with such suggestive action did he lift a hand towards the chandelier when alluding to the spreading chestnut-tree. A very life-like touch was his sudden change to a fluty *falsetto*, during the end of the fifth and the beginning of the sixth verses, where his daughter's voice seems to the blacksmith "like her mother's voice, singing in Paradise."

Mrs. Darrell unaffectedly wiped her eyes: dear Mr. Darrell was probably singing just like that in the same neighbourhood.

Hessy Thrush was next urged to gratify the company, and at first refused, half waywardly, half laughingly,

"I can't sing any regular songs," she declared. And old Harry Dray looked fully prepared to believe in the thorough irregularity of her ditties. But Mrs. Leland came over, and, with purring entreaty, pressed the girl to sing.

"Do," said her sister. "Hessy sings only her own verses to her own accompaniments," she told us.

Miss Broom looked as if she thought this almost preternatural. She had hardly till that moment ever realized that the songs we all knew had once been some individual person's own verses.

"Hessy," kind Miss Gibbs whispered loudly, "has a great deal of talent. Unformed talent."

"Ah! unformed!" murmured Miss Broom, as if that mitigated the unnaturalness of such strange accomplishments. Harry Dray settled herself grimly in her chair, and adjusted her heavy pebble bracelets coldly, prepared, obviously, for

the worst. Hussy saw her, and gave a little laugh as she passed to the piano. Miss Swinkin, mindful of hospitable neutrality, refused pointedly to catch Harry Dray's eye, but could go no further in toleration than banishing all expression from her cap and clasped hands. Mrs. Darrell closed her eyes to listen better, and presently her lips parted slightly too.

Hussy's fingers did odd things with the notes. She did not "cross," nor lift her pretty hands with a sort of flapping alternation like Miss Alicia; she did not hit the keys, nor squeeze them: often she barely seemed to touch them, but they always had something to say in answer to her touch—if only one knew what it was. Sometimes it was a mere breathing, like the caress of wind on leaves, sometimes very sad and plaintive, as of a wintry gust about a house forsaken. The chords were strange, occasionally almost painful: never noisy, though, nor strident: even beautiful, had we only had a key to the significance of their beauty. The words were not nearly so masterful as the air or the chords: the girl could not say in them whatever it was the music meant for her. But the voice itself was rich though plain, living and real, and every cadence had a pathos beggared by the mere syllables to which it was linked.

"Sang the throstle 'Come!'
"Whither?" "Home."
"I would wander
Far afield."
"Squander?"
"Seek for aught that strange may yield.
I am tired
Of to-day,
I am fired
To be away,
When a light behind the mist
Beckons, threatens if you list,
Calls to anything untasted
From days and hours wasted
Since the days are short and few."
"To the unproved?"
"From the unloved
To the new."

And the wind cried
'Far and wide
Do I rave
Do I roam,

I've no home,
 Nor a grave.
 I know the ocean's taste
 All its bitter, all its waste :
 Wouldst be free
 Like the sea ?
 Salt and sorrowful thou'lt be,
 And the night shall be thine hour :
 And the storm and wrack thy power :
 And thy laughing be like me."

"Is that the end?" asked her sister when Hessa stopped.

"No, it has no end."

But she would sing no more: and neither Miss Harry Dray nor Miss Swinkin looked sorry. Miss Broom was sure it must be very clever, she could make nothing of it.

"I liked the last part best," said Mrs. Darrell, nodding her head on her own account: it had been nodding of itself before. "The part about laughing. Cheerfulness is natural and right in young people."

"Young people have no business to be anything *but* cheerful," said Miss Harry Dray.

Miss Shrimpton and Miss Windsor had each a song, but they could not be prevailed upon to sing. After original compositions, they declared, nobody could care for their old songs. In vain Mrs. Leland pleaded for "Sweet and Low" and "Home they brought her warrior dead": only after much entreaty would they yield so far as to play *Zampa* together. But they did play it, and so vigorously that the little Dresden Shepherd and Shepherdess on the top of the piano vibrated and began slowly to turn their backs on each other.

It was hardly finished before Miriam opened the door and announced "Miss Dray's carriage": and Miriam could scarcely have got downstairs before she reappeared to announce "Miss Shrimpton's carriage": twice again she opened the door to advertise the arrival of Miss Windsor's and Miss Gibbs' carriage. And all this she did with such conviction that we almost pictured to ourselves a procession of broughams outside the Mount, though we knew quite well that the *Gracechurch Arms* had only one fly and that all four ladies were going to their several homes in it. Miss Wool and the other ladies were walking, and Mr. Magnus escorted them—on party-nights Mrs. Darrell slept at her sister's house in

Church Street; after breakfast on the morrow they would return together to Overton Lodge.

We went down to the door and saw them off, congratulating them on the full moon, though no one, of course, ever dreamt of giving an evening party when there was *not* a full moon: it was a soft and windless night, and we could hear their voices and their pattering footsteps long after they had turned round the corner into St. John's Hill. I can hear them still.

JOHN AYSCOUGH.

End of the Gracechurch Papers.

Miscellanea.

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

An Antidotal Paper.

IN pursuance of an idea suggested in our last issue it has occurred to the writer that a fuller description of the little periodical which he desiderates, one devoted entirely to the preservation of otherwise ephemeral antidotal literature, might possibly make it more acceptable. The objection has been raised that people would not support a paper wholly devoted to the refutation of religious errors, as it would lack variety and interest. On the other hand, the public buys readily enough the excellent antidotal literature published in pamphlet form by the Catholic Truth Society, and our suggested paper would naturally attract the same purchasers. In fact, if it were itself published in pamphlet form as a sort of perpetual serial it might, through the enterprise of the Catholic Reading Guild, appear in every church-door case and secure a wide distribution even from the start. That there is a real demand for satisfactory answers to current calumnies is shown by the fact that nearly all our papers have an antidotal column or two. One reads and notes some complete and trenchant exposure of an anti-Catholic legend, and if one has leisure and a sense of order one may cut out the passage and paste it into a note-book. But not everyone has sufficient leisure or genius for arrangement, and few have time to look at all the papers, and so, generally speaking, the answer passes out of sight and out of mind until the recurrence of the fiction makes one try in vain to recall where one has seen it answered. It is to prevent this wastage of valuable work that a periodical collection and reissue of this matter seems called for. Let me illustrate my meaning just from what is within reach of the editorial arm at the moment, without aiming at exhausting all possible sources or at scientific classification.

1. The true inwardness of the anti-clerical strike in Belgium [*Catholic Times*, May 2nd and 23rd : two articles with answers to objections ; to be condensed somewhat].
2. Note on the Irish census disposing of common statement that Ireland is priest-ridden [*The Tablet*, April 19th].

3. Mr. Justice Darling on absolution for future crimes in the case of Cellini [*The Tablet*, May 9th : Article by Fr. Thurston. The chief rebutting arguments might also be extracted from the correspondence in *The Times* during May].
4. Abraham Lincoln's denunciation of Catholicism [*Catholic Times*, May 16th : Mr. Atteridge effectually disposes of this venerable fiction].
5. Summary of Catholic missionary success in China, with valuable admissions from non-Catholics [*The Universe* May 2nd].
6. Testimony of Sir William Lever to the civilizing influence of the Congo Jesuits [*The Universe*, May 2nd].
7. Acknowledgment of shrinkage in numbers of professing Protestants by Sir W. Nicholl and others [*Glasgow Observer*, May 17th : statistics given in many papers].
8. Policy of Persecution against the Catholic Church in Russia fostered by the State [*Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, May. Short article by Mgr. d'Hulst].
9. Duchess of Bedford's letter on the practices of the Portuguese Carbonario Government [*The Times*, April 5th].
10. A highly misleading account of Catholicity in France refuted [*America*, May 17th : from the pen of the Comtesse de Courson].
11. The Motherwell School case admirably summarized and discussed [*The Universe*, May 16th].
12. Vindication on the testimony of a contemporary of the general policy of Spain in the New World [*The Saturday Review*, May 17th. Article on Peter Martyr by Mr. Cunninghame Graham].

Writing in a hurry, without leisure to search systematically, I can only give a chance collection of the fragments from the rich feast of apologetic presented by our papers which should, in virtue of true Christian economy, be gathered up. With a little goodwill and scissors and paste and intelligence, a compilation of abiding interest might easily be formed, exceedingly serviceable to all Catholics who are anxious—as who should not be?—to let their light shine effectually through the surrounding fog of prejudice and misrepresentation. In addition to printing the substance of the various short articles and notes, reference should be made to longer antidotal papers in easily accessible periodicals. For instance, Professor Windle's discussion of prehistoric human remains and their evidential value in the current *Dublin Review* occurs to one's mind immediately.

The more one thinks of it the more convinced one becomes that the great organizing ability shown by the Catholic Reading Guild would find here a most excellent field. It is not an ambitious project, but there can be no doubt of its immense utility.

J. K.

Catholic Schools in the United States.

In the United States, as in England, the Catholic Schools are confronted by another system of schools, vastly more numerous, maintained out of the public funds and administered by the public authority. In magnitude these American systems, both Catholic and State-provided, greatly exceed ours at home; in America, too, the State-provided Schools, there called "public schools," are purely secular, whereas in England they provide for all pupils alike what is euphemistically called "simple Bible-reading," but would more accurately be described as "simple Bible-mangling." In other respects the opposition between the two classes of schools is the same, the Catholics laying the greatest stress on the vital necessity for Catholic children of schools where they can be brought up in a Catholic atmosphere, by teachers of their own faith, under the direction of Catholic pastors.

The Catholic Schools in the United States date back from a time long anterior to the establishment of Public Schools. They go back to the earliest days of American colonization, for wherever the Catholic colonists came they bethought themselves quickly of the necessity of Catholic education for their children, and so laid the modest foundations of a school system which has steadily grown ever since, passing through three distinguishable stages of development; from the beginning till 1840, when the "great immigration" of Irish and Germans began, from then till 1860, when the inflowing Catholic population required a prodigious multiplication of schools, from 1860 till the present day, when under the impulse and direction given by successive Councils of Baltimore great efforts have been made to meet the needs of the times by perfecting as well as extending the system.

It was not till 1840, under the impulse of what is called in America the Great Awakening, that the public school system came into existence, but it soon covered the country with a vast system of school-buildings, far more expensively built,

staffed, and equipped than any private efforts could achieve, and inviting to Catholic parents in every respect save that, as an unerring Catholic instinct quickly perceived, their attitude towards religion must inevitably work not for its advancement, but for its destruction. Of course, the introduction of the State system meant that the Catholic members of the community were henceforth compelled to pay double for the benefit of Catholic education, once by building and maintaining their own schools (for except for a few local attempts, abortive in most cases, they have tried in vain to effect a concordat with the State authorities), and again by contributing their share of taxation towards the maintenance of public schools for those others who wish for them.

American Protestants, though a section of them in former days were prone to persecute, have long since become remarkably tolerant, and have never complained of the Catholics for refusing to fall in with the State system, as long as they paid their share of taxation. They even recognize for the most part that it is a hardship for Catholics to have to pay a double contribution towards the maintenance of education, but they have been used to think this State-system so admirable that the Catholics themselves must sooner or later be moved to participate in it. "It is no doubt a hardship" said a Protestant minister in the *Forum* for September, 1889, "that those who never patronize our public schools should be taxed, equally with those who do, for their support. A proper estimate, however, of these schools as related to our national welfare will make the yoke of this hardship light and easy to bear." Of late, however, in the United States as in England, doubts have begun to be felt as to the moral effect on the nation of this public school system. A writer in *America* for May 10th, dealing with the subject, cites the *Cincinnati Enquirer*, which has lately expressed doubts of this kind. After dilating on certain signs of social deterioration which he discerns in the present tone of the national life, he questions whether it is not attributable to the Public Schools, which, though "they have proved to be a most useful and effective assimilating organ in transforming and Americanizing foreign children, and have given on the whole good intellectual results . . . practically ignore what ought to be the foundation of all teaching, and that is morals." This, too, we know, is deeply felt by the leaders of the Ethical Society, some of whom may be animated by anti-Christian motives, but many of whom are truly solicitous for the moral improvement of

the youthful generations—which they think, in the general dying out of Christian beliefs, can be adequately secured by a systematized ethical teaching on a naturalistic basis. They may succeed in capturing the public schools in America and elsewhere, and they may do them by this method a limited good. But, just as time is now proving the truth of what Catholics predicted from the first as to the disastrous tendency of the present undenominational system, so will it eventually prove the insufficiency of these non-religious ethical methods. It is comparatively easy to set ideals before the young minds. What is difficult is to provide the motive-power which will gain over their hearts and strengthen their endeavours when the storms of evil passions and the fires of temptation are raging around them. Only a strong sense of obligation imposed by a higher power which can assure the ultimate triumph of right over wrong, only the love of an Eternal God which is itself the supreme reward, can sustain and fortify the soul when beset by such storms as these; and it is just that assurance and that strength which Catholic faith and Catholic sacraments can furnish in so wonderful a degree wherever fair conditions are secured to them. But it seems to be fated that, whilst Catholic instinct discerns from the first the inherent vice of these secularist systems, and Catholic action has done wonders towards preserving Catholic youth, it must always be a voice crying in the wilderness to the outside world, which ever refuses to learn till forced to acknowledge by the teaching of a bitter experience.

We have been led into these reflections by the perusal of a book by Dr. J. A. Burns, President of Holy Cross College, Washington, entitled *The Growth and Development of the Catholic School System in the United States*, and recently published by Messrs. Benziger. Dr. Burns is the writer of the article on American Schools in the *Catholic Encyclopædia*, and both the article and the book, together with his previous book on *The Catholic School-system in the United States*, should be read by those who are interested in the great battle of the schools which the Catholic Church has to fight in so many lands. It is the story of a splendid effort kept up for a whole century, which has set the highest ideals before it, and has maintained them persistently, at the cost of prolonged sacrifices, which have pressed hardly on poor and rich alike; an effort in which enterprise and prudence have been conspicuous, and in which Bishops and clergy, religious and laity, have worked together concordantly; an effort which has built

up a school system worthy of all admiration, which indeed it obtains from non-Catholics as well as Catholics. By the side of it, our own analogous effort here looks small indeed, for we do not and could not aspire to take the whole financial burden on ourselves, nor have we had the complications to deal with which has made it necessary for them to maintain schools not of one class, but of many, not only schools for Americans, but schools for Poles, Lithuanians, Slovaks, Bohemians, as well as for Germans, French, Italians and Spaniards, and again schools for negroes and schools for Indians. Dr. Burns goes into all particulars, and has chapters on the Teaching Communities, male and female, whose devotedness has perhaps had the first place in making the movement successful, on the special methods adopted in the Far Western States, on the School Legislation and Organization, on certain controversies that have arisen in the past as to educational principles, on the financial difficulties and their solution, on Foreign schools and Indian schools, and finally on Current Movements and Problems.

Relics of the Precious Blood.

We hold no brief for the authenticity of any of the relics of the Precious Blood, whether they be attributed, like the Saint Sang of Bruges, to the piety of the early Christians eager to preserve every trace and memorial of our Saviour's Passion, or whether, like the corporal of Bolsena, they owe their origin to a reputed miracle of consecrated Host or chalice. But the contributors to a discussion which has just started in the *Church Times*, by their use of the term "material idolatry," seem much in danger of raising a false issue in the minds even of readers friendly to the Roman Church. Strictly speaking, there is no question of adoring the Saint Sang, as if it were the Blessed Sacrament, any more than there is question of adoring in any proper sense the wood of the true cross. Despite some dispute among the earlier theologians regarding the extent to which the Blood shed by our Saviour in His Passion was reassumed in His glorified body, there is practical agreement at the present day upon that one main issue which can be grasped by the most illiterate, and which is itself of supreme importance. If upon any object connected with the Passion of our Lord and still preserved to modern times there be traces of the Blood of Christ, that

blood is no longer hypostatically united to the Divinity, it, no longer forms part of the sacred humanity of our Saviour, and it would consequently be wrong to honour it *for its own sake* with the highest cult of Latreia. At the same time such a relic, for it is no more than a relic, is so closely connected in fact and in idea with our Lord's sacred humanity that there is no danger that in the veneration shown it any other formal object can be regarded but the person of Christ. The Church, then, has tolerated, and even encouraged, in the case of such relics and in that of the true cross, an external cultus which is hardly to be distinguished in its manifestations from the worship paid to the Blessed Sacrament. But the blood stain on the wood does not attract the homage of the faithful *primario* or *principaliter*, as the theologians say, but only *secundario* and *per accidens*. It is Christ our Lord who is represented by it, and the material object is only considered in its relation to Him.

Meanwhile we may add that those Anglicans who profess veneration for the learning of Bishop Grosseteste, the famous Lincolniensis, will find in the *Liber Additamentorum* of Matthew Paris¹ an interesting discussion both of the historical and theological aspects of the question. In his views of historical evidence the bishop was not more critical than his contemporaries, but his theological conclusions agree entirely with those that prevail in the Catholic Church at the present day. Grosseteste affirms that in His Resurrection "all that belonged to the substance of our Lord's body and to the perfection of its comeliness" was reassumed, and consequently the blood of which His sacred body had been drained. But he maintains on the other hand that in a healthy man the blood formed as a product of digestion is, or may be, in excess of the requirements of his physical frame, and that, as the familiar experience of those who are let blood assures us, such excess, small or great, may be withdrawn without detriment to the perfect health and vigour of the subject. Hence, the bishop concludes, there is no sound theological reason why we should doubt the authenticity of those devoutly cherished relics of the blood washed from the wounds of our Saviour or shed by Him while he lived on earth. He does not assert that these traces are now to be worshipped with divine honour, but he considers that there is no reason to doubt that they are really and truly relics of what was once the Blood of Christ.

H. T.

¹ *Chronica Majora* (Rolls' Series) VI. 138—144.

The Poetry of Father Gerard Hopkins, S.J.

Father Gerard Hopkins, S.J., of the publication of whose poems, I am glad to say, there seems at last some prospect, was a diligent polisher of his own productions, as well as a valued critic, as Patmore owned, of those of others. Amongst his MSS. I find his "rough copy" of a poem, "Rosa Mystica," which was first published in the *Irish Monthly* (1898), and is included in Mr. Orby Shipley's *Carmina Mariana*, second series. It is very interesting to see by what a prolonged process of trial and rejection the final perfection of those exquisite verses was wrought. Besides many changes of word and phrase, there are two versions of the fifth stanza and three of the sixth. The MS. is endorsed in another hand with the words—"A very sweet and thoughtful little poem indeed;" somewhat inadequate praise from some patronizing critic to whom the poet had submitted it.

There are several variations, too, of the poem, "The Habit of Perfection," which Mr. Robert Bridges prints in his selection published in *Poets and Poetry of the Nineteenth Century* (vol. vii. p. 184), and the printed form of "Winter with the Gulf Stream," originally published in *Once a Week*, differs in many particulars from a later copy in the author's handwriting, dated 1871. A few stanzas from this last-named poem, which has never been republished, may be quoted as illustrating Father Hopkins' keen sense of colour:

A simple passage of weak notes
Is all the winter bird dare try;
The bugle moon by daylight floats
So glassy white about the sky,
So like a berg of hyaline,
And pencilled blue so daintily,
I never saw her so divine.
But through black branches, rarely drest
In scarves of silky shot and shine,
The webbed and the watery west
Where yonder crimson fireball sets
Looks laid for feasting and for rest.
I see long reefs of violets
In beryl-coloured fens so dim;
A gold-water Pactolus frets
Its brindled wharves and yellow brim.
The waxen colours weep and run
And, slendering to his burning rim,
Into the flat blue mist the sun
Drops out, and all our day is done.

There are several of Father Hopkins' colleagues at the old Dublin Royal University still alive. It is to be hoped that Mr. Bridges, when he comes, as no doubt he will, to amplify the penetrating biographical and critical sketch of the poet, which he has prefixed to the Hopkins' anthology in *Poets of the XIXth Century*, will consult them concerning his life as a Fellow of the Royal. Mr. Bridges, in this memoir, implies that the poet was always depressed and unhappy in Dublin, so affected by the moral contagion of his surroundings that he had not the heart to fight against "one of the material contagions of the city" which eventually carried him off. This, I have good grounds to know, gives a quite misleading impression of Father Hopkins' Dublin career.

J. K.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

Christian Controversy.

MANY people declare themselves opposed to controversy: they loathe it, they are tired of it, they avoid it, they declare it does no good, for them it has no associations but those of annoyance, it is synonymous with hatred, uncharitableness and all ill-will. Although not entirely without grounds, such sweeping unqualified judgments as these would seem to do harm to the cause of truth, for they tend to throw discredit on one of the chief weapons of its armoury. What is controversy? It is the method of proclaiming and asserting truth by attacking and overthrowing whatever is opposed to it. If such opponents of truth have sufficient vitality, there will be resistance and counter attack and a prolonged conflict of which the issue may finally seem doubtful. But that is due to instrumental defects, which in our human conditions cannot be avoided. Language written or spoken is the instrument of controversy, and language, in spite of the best efforts of sincerity and goodwill, is but an imperfect vehicle of truth for the mind that uses it, and is exposed to much distortion in the mind it enters. Still, we have no option in the matter: language is the only instrument we possess and we must do our best with it. Moreover, when we use it to convey truth we cannot avoid aiming also at the overthrow of error. Every assertion of a truth which is not accepted by those we address is a controversial statement—controversial because in itself provocative and in the circumstances controvertible.

Accordingly it would be wiser if people would not inveigh against controversy *sans phrase* but would confine their animadversions to faulty methods of controversy. "It isn't so much wot 'e sez as the narsty way 'e sez it," expresses in popular language the reflections aroused by many a newspaper dispute. It

is lamentable to see how soon human passion enters the arena to render still more difficult human reason's pursuit of the elusive fact. Theoretically, both disputants should proceed until agreement is reached in a common adhesion to truth or until brought up by some principle or fact about which they find agreement impossible; in both of which cases further discussion would be needless. But as a matter of fact the dispute either begins in an outburst of indignation or speedily, by an exhibition of temper or ridicule or contempt or unfairness, degenerates into a mere exchange of personalities. How many editors since the world began have been able to say, "This correspondence must now cease because its aim has been satisfactorily accomplished?"

**Other tasks,
other methods.**

Yet while idle sarcasm and unmannerly sneering and a baseless imputation of motives and whatever is needlessly provocative of friction, of heat rather than of light, should be banished from Christian controversy, it is a mistake to think that the hitting should never be hard and the punishment severe. There are sometimes adversaries to be attacked whom one has no hope of bringing to see reason because through malice or prejudice they have lost the faculty of doing so. The champion of truth, accordingly, "takes on" such opponents mainly for the benefit of the bystanders. A ruthless handling may leave the vanquished still more bitter and inveterate in his ill-will, but it leaves him also discredited and deprived of some of his power to deceive. When one assumes the weary but necessary task of refuting some of the more offensive mendacities coined by the hired scribes of the Protestant press one does not expect such writers to retract or apologize or show any signs of repentance. Either they know very well they are lying or they are incapable of learning the truth. They are exposed and answered for the sake of those who cannot realize how steeped they are in falsehood and who consequently might be misled by them. They have no more claim on one's forbearance than the Pharisees had on the forbearance of Him who told them plainly they were liars. No one who has had anything to do with controversy can fail to have noticed the existence of such people amongst the opponents of the Church. They are a class apart and merit separate treatment. They are not to be fought with their own weapons—God forbid! for their weapons are mostly slander and indecency—but they should be given no quarter and the courtesies of honest warfare would be wasted on them. But if this is so, it would be all the more rash and dangerous to assume without good grounds that any given opponent belongs to this class and to treat him accordingly. A man has a right to his reputation for honourable dealing until he himself publicly throws it away. Not until Kingsley began to

shuffle and prevaricate and exhibit his *mala fides* did Newman let loose upon him the shafts of his merciless irony.

**A Good Cause
Badly
Advocated.**

No greater disservice to a cause can be wrought than to advocate it on irrational grounds, especially if those grounds are not only intrinsically absurd but are also contradicted by common experience. For the cause itself is thus exposed to the contempt excited by its advocacy. Mr. Carnegie, for instance, the multi-millionaire, is an ardent devotee of the great cause of international Peace, a cause which is also that of Almighty God, for its attainment presupposes universal obedience to His law and the reign of justice and equity amongst the nations. But Mr. Carnegie is also a disciple of Tolstoy and considers war as intrinsically evil. Consequently, his participation in the counsels of the Anglo-American Peace Centenary Conference lately held in the States has given occasion to irresponsible journalists, who know his impracticable views, to throw ridicule on the whole movement. Yet it is surely a fact worthy of commemoration that the two great branches of the English-speaking peoples have for a whole century, in spite of fire-eaters on either side, refrained from armed conflict with each other. And it is surely an aspiration worthy of all Christians that the peace which has thus become traditional may never again be broken. It is a pity that the personal "crankiness" of certain pacifists should discredit what is really a movement for the extension of Christian morality to international relations and for the elimination in all human dealings of the Godless doctrine that might is right.

It is the same with other modern organizations which aim at the removal of social abuses. The English-speaking world has now for many centuries developed uninfluenced effectively by the teaching and tradition of the Catholic Church; Christian practice may still survive embodied in the framework of law and custom which Christian civilization established, but the theory of morality has fallen into hopeless chaos. If Catholics are to refrain from collaborating in every good cause with their non-Catholic fellow-citizens until the principles of the latter become ethically sound, we may as well retire again to the Catacombs.

And so we think the sound expression of the Catholic doctrine about war, which Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew addressed to the Lord Mayor on receiving an invitation to be present at the annual meeting of the Peace Society on May 20th, would have been even more apposite if spoken in the presence of the assembled delegates themselves, as on similar occasions it had been expounded by Monsignor Grosch and Monsignor Benson. As a priest holding a Chaplain's commission in the Army, Monsignor Bickerstaffe-Drew excellently exemplifies in his own person the Church's at-

titude towards war, viz., that, terrible physical evil though it is, it is justified whenever it is the only means of asserting or preserving moral right. Now, although the Peace Society has for one of its objects to show that "war is inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity" this, being an ambiguous phrase, need not be interpreted in the sense that the Church is wrong in allowing war. Clearly, the more widely diffused the spirit of Christianity is amongst the nations the less are the chances, *ceteris paribus*, of international quarrels. If Christian principles were everywhere predominant war would cease. Not all the Peace Society, we take it, are Tolstoyans.

**Why men
oppose
Peace.**

But in this matter there are two things which are inconsistent with the spirit of Christianity—the one a principle, the other a practice.

The principle is the application to human progress of the so-called "law" of "the survival of the fittest"—a blind mechanical process which ignores, not only the play of free human volition, but also, and still more, the fatherly Providence of God. At the back of most of the pessimistic utterances regarding the abolition of war is this miserable materialistic philosophy which regards the nations of mankind, not as groups of brethren with the same origin, the same duties and the same destiny, but as antagonistic tribes, with interests necessarily opposed, struggling blindly with each other for a place in the sun. Such is the ruinous legacy of thought left us by the Huxleys and Spencers.

The practice is that which lately came to light in the German Reichstag where a Socialist deputy accused the great firm of Krupp of procuring by bribery anti-German articles in French newspapers with a view to facilitating the placing of large orders for war-materials. The matter is still under discussion, but enough has been admitted to show that something of the sort has occurred, and enough is known of the practice of similar firms in this and in other countries to make such conduct exceedingly credible. The existence of private firms of manufacturers whose direct interest lies in the promotion of war will always be a menace to international peace. And the like may be said in its degree of journalists, speculators, contractors, and politicians for the success of whose fishing troubled waters are necessary.

**The Lessons
of the
Belgian Strike.**

The late "general" strike in Belgium, which began on April 14th and collapsed about a fortnight later after having caused the strikers and the country an immense financial loss, presented many interesting features to the social student. In the first place it was an industrial strike engineered for a purely political object; secondly it was extraordinarily peaceful; thirdly,

as regards its special object, it was entirely unnecessary; the Government had granted all that the strike professed to achieve ten days before it began. And we may add, in the fourth place, that it showed that the bulk of the English secular press are still misled by the bogey of "clericalism" into supporting a party which they consistently oppose over here. The numbers who actually struck are variously estimated as between 500,000 and 300,000; even if we take the lower figure it comes to us with something of surprise that so many working men in Catholic Belgium should be under the influence of Socialism. It is true that it represents only one-third of the whole male working-class population, still that is a large proportion to find attached in any way to a creed which on the Continent is avowedly anti-Christian. It shows the wisdom of the Catholic leaders who of late years have worked to establish for the working men associations which secure their material interests without neglecting their spiritual.

But the question of greatest interest raised by the strike is undoubtedly the plural vote, which is not the same as the plural vote which the Government are bent on abolishing here. Here, no one may vote more than once for the same candidate, whereas in Belgium many may cast two or even three votes for the man of their choice. Both systems are decried as "undemocratic" by those who assert that the sole qualifications necessary in a voter are citizenship and the attainment of an age limit. The cry—"One man, one vote," is wont to be met by the counter cry—"One vote, one value." And on crude democratic principles the retort seems effectual: real equality cannot be reached until each member represents exactly the same number of constituents. As things are the Member for Rutland represents only 4,128 persons, whereas the Member for Romford speaks for 53,000; and therefore, "democratically," his vote in Parliament should have thirteen times the weight of that of the former.

The Belgian constitution, which is more democratic than the English, inasmuch as every male citizen over twenty-five has a vote, does not seem to concern itself with anomalies of this sort. But it endeavours to avoid the disadvantages of mere majority rule which would put the government of the country into the hands of those least fitted to administer it. It aims at "One vote, one value" in another sense. It believes that the married householder, the father of the future citizens, has a greater stake in the country than the unmarried, and that the educated man is better fitted to exercise the franchise than the uneducated—propositions which, it seems to us, no sane democratic theory can deny. Consequently, in addition to the manhood vote two supplementary votes may be obtained on various qualifications, chief amongst which is the fact of marriage with legitimate issue, the possession of a small fixed income or immovable property to

the value of £80, the holding of certain educational diplomas or the practise of a profession implying a certain degree of instruction. Protection of minorities is secured by proportional representation. No one can have more than three votes, or vote in more than one constituency. Very many of the workers have two votes and even three, especially in the industrial districts where wages are high. If democracy is not to be a mere counting of heads it is hard to see why such a system of plural voting should be styled undemocratic. That it is unochlocratic is shown by the continued endeavours of the Socialists to overthrow it.

**Undenominationalism
Unmasked.**

The "Marshall case" of which so much has been written lately, has effectually destroyed the hypocritical pretence of undenominationalism made by School Boards in Scotland. The details are too well known to need recapitulation, but the gist of the matter is that Miss Marshall, having become a Catholic, was dismissed by the Dalziel School Board on the grounds of unfitness, since her duties "normally included the giving of religious instruction." We must own that this is quite an intelligible argument in the mouths of genuinely religious parents, non-Catholic no less than Catholic. Miss Marshall is obviously unfitted to teach Presbyterianism or any other "ism" except the Catholicism in which she believes, and this part of her duty, no doubt, would have devolved on some one else who could accomplish it in good faith. But the Board preferred to dismiss her, as if further to illustrate what *The Scotsman*¹ asserted viz., that "the fiction that Scottish education is undenominational has been exploded long ago." The Education Department declared the dismissal unwarranted and the Court of Session upheld that declaration. Still the majority of the Board persist in refusing justice and have carried the case to the Court of Appeal. As an object lesson, we repeat, the case is invaluable, showing as it does that "no tests for teachers," "no religion on the rates," and the rest of the Cliffordian shibboleths are quite impossible in practice. There is no logical alternative between Godless instruction (we will not call it education), which is possible only in a Godless State, and concurrent endowment. "The schools of the people," says the *Daily News*, with parrot-like persistence, "must be controlled by the people." Exactly : by the Catholic people, the Protestant people, the Jewish people. The constituent elements of the State do not lose their characteristics by being viewed as a whole, nor can you get rid of religion merely by not looking at it.

¹ May 12th.

**Bishop Knox
on
Marriage.**

The Protestant Bishop of Manchester, assisted by the *Church Times*, has probably learnt a little theology as a result of his pronouncement on the Burnley mixed marriage case. He has, no doubt, become aware under the plain-spoken tuition of our contemporary that marriage in Catholic eyes is a sacrament, with the essence of which the State has no more to do than it has with the rotation of the earth. He has been taught that when, as in the Burnley case and other similar ones, a Catholic attempts to contract marriage in defiance of a diriment impediment, established either by the natural law or by the Church, the resulting union is not marriage at all, whatever the law of the land says. To do it justice, the law of the land merely concerns itself with the legal consequences of such a union. Whether it is valid in the eyes of the Church or not the law attaches to it certain obligations,—maintenance, support of children, inability to make another similar contract whilst the first endures, etc. All that is within the province of the State, for matrimony has obviously many important civil aspects, and Catholics who are foolish and wicked enough to attempt such marriages put themselves within reach of the law in all those regards. Hence in the case referred to, the woman, as far as conscience is concerned, was free to marry again, yet the State, not recognizing canon law, might justly punish her for bigamy if she did. The reiterated outcry against the *Ne Temere* ruling in these cases shows how faithful Protestantism is to its original dogma—"There be only two Sacraments"—and to its original constitution, "by law established." Bishop Knox is a true Reformation prelate.

How ignorance as to the real bearing of the *Ne Temere* decree is kept up may be seen in the *Times* report of a speech of Mr. M. McCarthy, who was once a Catholic and presumably knew the Catholic doctrine on the subject, but who said, at the annual "Rally" of the Protestant Alliance on May 2nd, that the decree annulled "legal marriages contracted *before* its promulgation," and sentenced "large classes of British citizens to the pains and penalties of excommunication if they dared to contract marriages in accordance with British law in the future"—two statements both of which are open and palpable falsehoods.

**The Virus
of
Anti-Clericalism.**

It is a singular thing—or would be singular were it not so very common—that our secular newspapers, principally those of a Nonconformist complexion, continue to condone the perfectly appalling atrocities committed by the atheistical government of Portugal upon the hapless priests and royalists whom it has in its power, whilst they raise a chorus of protest if in the Catholic country of Spain anything bearing even a distant re-

semblance to religious intolerance is perceptible. The *Manchester Guardian* (we regret to say, for it has a character for honesty to lose), the *Daily News*, the *Daily Chronicle* and other such journals, in spite of perfectly notorious facts, will not believe anything bad of Portugal because it masquerades as a secular Republic, whilst Spain is a Catholic Monarchy. This shows how the truth fares in party newspapers. In August last a Protestant soldier assisting regimentally at Mass with the Ferrol garrison refused to obey the order to present arms at the Elevation and was court-martialled for his disobedience. At once the anti-clericals abroad and at home cried out upon such intolerance, choosing to ignore the fact that soldiers are everywhere called upon to discharge military duties quite out of harmony with their religious convictions. A Catholic officer has constantly to take his men to Protestant services, a Catholic bandsman may be required to play accompaniments to Protestant hymns : the association with Protestant worship in either case is merely material and is permitted by Catholic teaching, far more strict though this is on the question than that of the sects. There is no violation of conscience in the matter ; conscience in fact is respected by the Spanish military code in a manner which will bear comparison with that of any other nation. The articles dealing with religion were framed by General Prim, who was not by any means clerical in his sympathies, and run as follows :—

(1) The individual members of the Army, availing themselves of the right granted by the constitution, may profess and practice in public and in private, the worship of any other religion different from the Catholic as long as such worship is not opposed to morality and law.

(2) This notwithstanding, they may not exempt themselves from functions for which they are detailed, and at which they must assist by military ordinance, although such functions be prescribed by the Catholic religion.¹

Thus, the first article provides for conscience, the second for military discipline, and they are perfectly compatible, as it is made quite plain that the bodily participation of a soldier in a religious function does not imply his union with it in mind and heart.

There was a somewhat similar case last month, when a Spanish Colonel of Marines, appointed to preside over a court-martial, declined on the ground that the function was preceded by a Mass at which by the law of the Navy all the court were supposed to attend. The Colonel is a Presbyterian, and his case is championed in the British Press by a Presbyterian minister all the way from Mayo ! The public opinion of Europe is invoked

¹ Quoted in *America*, September 21, 1912.

to save the outraged conscience of a single Spanish Colonel of Marines, yet the Portuguese and French Government may carry on for years a campaign of persecution against the religion of whole classes of Catholics without causing a sleepless moment to the minister from Mayo. And the Spaniard's grievance has not even the merit of being genuine. He was not required to join in the Catholic service: he might have read his Bible the whole time, just as Catholic officers occupy themselves with their own prayers at sectarian services; if his conscience was offended, it was a false conscience, and the gentleman from Mayo would have been better employed in setting it right than in calling on Europe to witness its violation.

**Anglicans
and
Nonconformists.**

In an interesting correspondence in the *Times* last month, Bishop Welldon, Dr. Clifford, the Dean of Durham, the Dean of Ripon, and others have been discussing the probable effect on the Christianity of this country of the disestablishment of the Welsh Church. Dr. Clifford, voicing the general Nonconformist feeling, thinks that in a country of mixed religious beliefs "the control and endowment of a Church by Parliament foment discord," and thus impedes the progress of Christianity. Undoubtedly it does in this case, whether it ought to or not, for Nonconformists resent the privileged position of the Establishment which their ancestors quitted. And the "control of a Church by Parliament" (in matters ecclesiastical) is certainly an idea quite foreign to the Christianity founded by Christ. But the Bishop of Willesden, who for 18 years was Bishop of Columbia, asserts on the strength of his Canadian experience that the absence there of a State Church has not promoted unity, religious jealousies being just as pronounced in Canada as in England. This gave Dean Henson his chance of protesting against the "rigorous denominationalism" which multiplies divisions and prevents a *modus vivendi* between the various Canadian Protestant Churches, in spite of the efforts of many Canadian Anglicans to promote free inter-communion with Nonconformists. Dean Fremantle on his part protests against the severance of the four Welsh dioceses from England because it will withdraw the Anglican Church in Wales from the protection of English law and expose it to the danger of "clerical rule." That a Church should be governed by clerics is anathema to this venerable Erastian! It is clear from the utterances of these two dignitaries that, as far as belief goes, they are as good Nonconformists as Dr. Clifford himself. The Bishop of Willesden, doubtless, believes in priestly orders; there is no doubt that neither of the Deans does. Meanwhile the 300 Anglican clergy in Canada who recently, according to Dean Henson, pleaded for mutual recognition and ex-

change of pulpits between themselves and Nonconformists, have been denounced by the united Canadian episcopate,¹ their ecclesiastical superiors, but nevertheless have declared their intention of proceeding with their propaganda. Comment on which attitude, as the *Church Times* says, is needless.

Reviews.

I.—THE SIXTINE VULGATE.²

IN reviewing in *THE MONTH* for December, 1911, Père le Bachelet's study of Bellarmine's relation to the substitution of the Clementine for the Sixtine text in the revised Vulgate, we explained the circumstances under which this substitution took place, and the charge against Bellarmine's veracity which, several generations later, was deduced from them. Sixtus had withdrawn the work of revision from the hands of the competent commission to which his predecessor had entrusted it, and had taken it into his own hands. He proceeded so far as to get through the whole Bible in an incredibly short time, and then, with his characteristic impetuosity, had the text thus constituted printed. This done, he caused several copies to be distributed to Kings and Cardinals, some, too, to be sold to purchasers who presented themselves. Then he died suddenly, and, as his revision had proceeded on principles recognized by his advisers generally to be unsound, the problem arose what should be done. To save the honour of Pope Sixtus, Bellarmine proposed that the needful restitution of the text approved by the Revisory Commission which Sixtus had discarded, should be made quietly, so that the Bible might be published in the joint names of Sixtus and the reigning Pope, with a Preface in which it was explained that on account of the *errata typographorum et aliorum*, Sixtus himself had seen the necessity of another edition in which these would be corrected, but had been prevented from seeing to this himself by his premature death. The proposal made by the Cardinal was approved by the new Pope, or, we should rather say, by the new Popes (for two died very shortly after

¹ See their Pastoral in *Church Times*, May 16, 1913.

² *Die Vulgata von 1590. Eine quellenmässige Darstellung ihrer Geschichte. Mit neuem Quellenmaterial aus dem Venezianischen Staatsarchiv. Von Dr. Fridolin Amann. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder. Pp. xix, 160. Price, 3s. 3d. 1912.*

their election), and it fell to Clement VIII. to bring out the new edition in its final form. Three questions arise out of this history. Was Bellarmine, who wrote the Preface to the Clementine edition and worded it in the sense of his proposal, guilty of untruthfulness; was the Bull attached by Sixtus to his edition, the very drastic Bull in which he seemed to claim infallibility for his own corrections, ever formally promulgated; and if so, is it to be regarded as an infallible document? Each of these questions raises some very complex issues, to the disentangling and investigating of which several writers have, like Père le Bachelet, devoted much industry, and among them, besides Mgr. Baumgarten, in his *Die Vulgata Sixtina* (published in 1911), Dr. Fridolin Amann, the author of the work before us. Père le Bachelet was able to throw some fresh light on the subject by publishing for the first time the contemporary correspondence of the Spanish Ambassador, Olivarez, with Philip II. of Spain. Mgr. Baumgarten did the same by publishing the very valuable *avisi* or *memoranda* of current events taken at Rome, and now Dr. Amann publishes the text of the Venetian Ambassador Badoer's Letters to the Doge in the months of July and August, 1590.

The value of these Venetian letters is that they reveal to us the mind of Sixtus V. during the last two months of his life, as to the demand pressed upon him from various quarters that he should hold back or withdraw his edition and the Bull prefixed to it. They prove that up to two days before his death he was resolute in his determination to publish them. Dr. Amann writes as a scholar, and with the fullest courtesy and civility when he comes to the charge against Bellarmine of untruthfulness. Perhaps too his main conclusion may be taken as the best solution of the puzzle: "That Sixtus himself wished to replace his Bible by another one is an assumption which does not agree with the historical facts, but is a contention which is not altogether without foundation, inasmuch as the Pope's *entourage* reckoned with entire confidence that he would, in deference to the difficulties threatening from many quarters, withdraw his work and allow it to be replaced by another. The fulfilment of this perhaps not altogether unfounded hope was prevented by the Pope's unexpected death." In any case, it still appears to us that the puzzle should be solved on broader grounds. It is not at all likely that either Bellarmine himself, or the various Popes and their advisers who adopted his Preface, were capable of

putting into such a document a downright untruth. Hence, it is better and more scholarlike to assume that Sixtus V. had in some way, of which we have no documentary evidence, shown a disposition to yield to his advisers. We note, too, that in the Badoer correspondence now published, the motive for withdrawing the Bull urged by the Venetians, was that it reserved to the Apostolic Press the publication of the new Bible for a term of years. That was a most necessary course, if the text then to be authorized was to be secured. Thus, Sixtus could not possibly withdraw on this ground, and it may well be that he did not think it necessary to communicate to the Venetian Ambassador the hesitation he might have had as to the wholly different question of withdrawing the edition for critical reasons, in deference to the pressing demands of so many scholars.

Dr. Amann has much that is valuable to say on the other two questions to which reference has been made, and he has an interesting Appendix, in which he gives a description of the rare copy of the Sixtine Vulgate in the possession of the Exegetical Seminar at Freiburg.

2.—THE MYSTIC WAY.¹

Under this title Miss Evelyn Underhill has published a book in which she studies the interior life of our Lord, and the life of the Early Church, according to the rules of the "mystic" life which she considers her earlier book, *Mysticism*, to have revealed as experimentally verified. She believes that our Lord's spiritual "development" took place according to these rules, but was so perfect and independent that not only was it surpassed by nothing in earlier or later mystic history, but was indebted for nothing to its spiritual predecessors. He was in touch with Reality—uniquely so—but all who so find themselves to whatever degree in touch are forced along an identical path to an identical goal. We observe that Miss Underhill regards historical evidence, and conclusions, as in themselves of secondary importance, and they are never her main preoccupation. Yet here, we maintain, is the solid ground on which alone convincing systems can be built. She half apologizes for her "philosophical diagram," and, indeed, it is so slight as to deserve rebuke not

¹ By Evelyn Underhill. London: Dent. Pp. xi, 395. Price, 12s. 6d. net. 1913.

for its aggressiveness but for its insufficiency—after all, the formless cannot be beautiful. And she has a definite dislike for theology, which constantly reveals itself, disregarding, as it seems to us, the fact that for a truth to be fully true it must be true on every plane of truth, and that just as what is true in the subconscious life "ought" not to be dragged up, normally, on to the explicitly "conscious" plane, so (conversely) what is true on the reasoning plane (where we most of us mostly live) "ought" not to be disregarded and held of no account for the sake of mystical equivalents. The "real reality" is real all through: the Eucharistic presence, the Resurrection, the divine discourses, must be true for the theologian and his formulæ, for the mystic and his experience, for the historian and his evidence. Yet Miss Underhill seems to admit the existence of a mystically true experience not merely accompanied by falsehood in the mystic's mind, but based upon it. St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross would suffer, were suffering possible in heaven, to see how Miss Underhill uses their narratives and their instruction. On their part they would have thrown their experience and their writings overboard at once, had they imagined for a moment that Christ was not what Dogma, and indeed, what theology in its province, declared Him to be. St. Paul, whose intuition Miss Underhill is never tired of lauding, was of all men most careful to test each detail by "tradition," and to move no step beyond what the Apostles taught. St. John (as we still may call the author of the Fourth Gospel—Miss Underhill gives not one new reason, and not one final one, for fearing so to call him) did not mean spiritual sight and touch and hearing merely, when he spoke of his direct experience of the Word of life; and we can but throw up our hands in despair when anyone gifted, we presume, with literary perception, however rudimentary, invites us to form our opinion of his historical value by comparing his detail work with Catherine Emmerich's. A distinguished Yale professor recently wrote that one word of direct criticism from one who owned a Creed was more precious to him than much vague acquiescence from a man of no mental standpoint or spiritual foothold. What we have said will not anger the authoress of this brilliant and eloquent, this too brilliant, too fluent volume; page after page a Catholic might have written and been proud of. Especially he would often find his doctrine of grace admirably stated, even on the very page where Miss Underhill misunder-

stands, and slights, his theology. He would protest against the Gnostic division of Christians into two essentially different categories, for the humblest of Christ's followers is substantially as true a "mystic" as His most advanced; but he would rejoice to see recognized, in these days of lowered standard and ideal, the unique transcendency and sublime content of Christianity. Finally, he would think that Catholic mystical theology—though it alone—has long ago described more truly, more richly, far more simply, more practically, and more independently, the mystic way of the Christian, and even, though far more obediently to His revelation, of our Lord.

3.—EVOLUTION.¹

Under this somewhat aggressive title Father Frank presents us with a careful inquiry into the old but ever new question of evolution. We may state at once that the conclusions come to are not entirely against evolution. We can set down certain limits, *a priori*, beyond which an evolution theory cannot go, but for the rest it is a matter of observation and experiment.

The first section of the book deals with the results of palæontological research. It is here, in the fossil records of plants and animals now extinct, that we should hope to find a conclusive answer for or against evolution. But the evidence is unsatisfactory. Darwin went to the geological record to find a proof of his theory, and he found a difficulty, which it took him two long chapters of his book to explain away: Huxley went to the same record and found evolution proved up to the hilt! Modern students have gone to palæontology to learn, and their lessons, such as they are, are set forth in this book in the form of "laws."

Having carefully collected all fossil evidence available we must then compare the past with the present. We must

imagine the same causes as effective in the past (as in the present), alone, or in connection with other influences of similar kind, and then compare the chronologically successive organisms of ascertainable form and structural conditions with those still subject to observation. If both show the same peculiarities, then we may

¹ *The Theory of Evolution in the Light of Facts.* By Karl Frank, S.J. Translated from the German by C. T. Druery, F.L.S. London: Kegan Paul. Pp. xii, 241. Price, 5s. 1913.

conclude with perfect right that the modifications of the primeval animals and plants were really brought about by those causes or, better expressed, were induced by them. If the changes of form of the fossils remain within the limits of those alterations which we can at present observe in the recent organisms, or can, with great probability, deduce from them, then we are certain that our explanation is correct. If they extend farther, we must inquire whether an increase in the intensity and the duration of that influence may not explain the greater scope of the deviations. The certainty of our deductions is certainly decreased thereby.

Application of this method leads to certain conclusions. In the first place the main groups of the animal kingdom are found to be independent. This may be taken as applying to the primary divisions of "phyla" ("Stamme" is unfortunately rendered in the text as "families"), and also to the "classes," as for instance Mammals, Birds, &c. For the smaller groups, some show signs of evolution, while in other cases we have one form persisting unchanged for untold ages. This leads our author to the recognition of "types" in animal and vegetable kingdoms.

"It is the object of palæontology and biology to determine the number of fundamental forms of animals and plants. The task is difficult, &c. . . ."

One thing certainly already appears now to be as good as certain, viz., that at least some fundamental forms in the animal and plant world are firmly retained: for this reason an attribution of all animals and all plants to one fundamental form is "extremely unlikely."

Father Frank, then, favours a form of evolution known as polyphyletic, *i.e.*, that animals and plants have evolved from many different starting points, and this theory, it must be noted, is becoming more and more popular on the Continent.

A careful study of this book will lead to a good appreciation of the change that has recently come over evolutionary speculation. Evolution is no longer a "master key" to open all locks; but scientists are recovering from their brief delirium, and settling down again to piece together the evidence bit by bit, and even asking, what would have been heresy a score of years ago, has there been evolution at all?

4.—THE DICTIONARY OF APOLOGETICS.¹

It would be possible, but not easy, to exaggerate the value to thinking Catholics of this Dictionary: we curb the impatience which is due to the slowness of the appearance of its *fascicules*, when we reflect how necessary it is that so important and delicate an undertaking should not be rushed. Space makes it absolutely impossible for us to do more than indicate the subjects with which this number deals. The names of their authors guarantee their quality. The historical side of Indian religions is dealt with by M. A. Roussel, and the problems which they offer to apologists, by that extremely sound Catholic and scholar, M. de la Vallée Poussin, whose grasp of the facts in their twofold aspect is probably unequalled. A short but adequate treatment of the *Index* by Canon Forget of Louvain is followed by two pages on *Individualism*. *Indulgences* are exhaustively discussed by Professor P. Galtier of Enghien, and in particular their development, abuse, and reform and utility are described with a real knowledge of the historical facts, interpreted with much psychological insight. The supreme value of this *fascicule* lies however in the two articles by Father A. Durand, S.J., *Inerrance Biblique* and *Inspiration de l'Écriture*. We really were growing to fear lest moderate men were becoming terrorized into silence by the extravagant utterances and the shameful personalities indulged in by the two extreme parties. Had Father Durand no claim on the gratitude of Catholics but these two sane, erudite, complete, and lucid articles, the debt owing to him would already be immense. Father Wieger, of China, deals with *Infanticide* in that country; M. Gibon on the peculiarly restricted question of the *Insoumis*, the name given to such French youths as shirk joining the army. A quadruple article on the *Instruction of Youth* discusses its general principles (M. G. Sortais); its Christian character under the Roman Empire (M. Paul Allard); the Church and Christian instruction in the middle ages (M. l'Abbé Clerval, of Paris); the Church and the Renaissance and Reformation (M. F. Sagot). Two directly apologetic articles—one on *Baptism* regarded as the Christian initiation, by the Editor; the other, wholly historical, and with a superb bibliography,

¹ Dictionnaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique. Edited by A. d'Alès. Fasc. ix. Incinération—Instruction de la Jeunesse. Paris: Beauchesne. Price, 5 fr. 1913.

by M. J. Guiraud, upon the *Inquisition*—complete the *fascicule*, which is one of an interest and value surpassed by nothing which has as yet appeared.

5.—SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION.¹

A collection of essays, by three members of the Oxford "Rota Club," has for object "to explain and defend the principle of property." To do so, the authors refer "that principle to the record of the past, to present fact, and to certain root principles in morals and politics." The lesson thus learnt, they consider, is that the virtue of property expires when property is not possessed by "a determining majority" of citizens, and by "each of these in severalty." Further, property in the Means of Production must be the immediate concern of Englishmen at any rate; and may be said to consist "chiefly in Land and Capital," or Shares in a "producing body," or Gild (a provisional name) of associated producers, at once members and shareholders. The State exacts of the Gild a standard, and approves its constitution, and enforces its essential rules. A State whose industrial character is determined by the Gild-character, and remains true to this type, may be called Associative. In such a State, and, it seems, only then, can property be kept so distributed as to remain normal to the average citizen.

Involved in this ideal is a germ of opposition to the existing state of things, indeed, in England, for property is there "normal" to the very few; but also to Collectivism or Socialism, and again to Syndicalism; and finally all subordinate methods or ideals, such as "Co-partnership, Co-operation, Small Holdings, or Land Banks," will be appraised only in its general context.

It is significant that this book is dedicated to Hilaire Belloc, but was written, we gather, before his *Servile State*, and, we think, before the appearance of certain characteristic articles of his in the *Oxford and Cambridge* (or, under its new name, the *British*) *Review*. The character of the chapters to which are given the names: "The Process of Dispossession," and "The Process of Repossession," may thus the more easily be surmised. And the reader will not be astonished to learn, that although there is no sign that we can de-

¹ *The Real Democracy*. By J. E. F. Mann, M. J. Sievers, and R. W. T. Cox. London: Longmans. Pp. xi, 276. Price, 4s. 6d. net. 1913.

tect, that the writers of these essays are Catholics, yet their philosophy is, in all substantial and radical concerns, in full harmony with Catholic doctrine. For it cannot too often be recalled, that while the Church teaches a very definite political doctrine, yet this is absolutely "fundamental," and issues from her beliefs as to man's nature, which may be ontologically prior to, but philosophically are dependent on, her revealed knowledge as to his destiny. The application in detail of her pregnant principles, one leaves to those philosopher-politicians whose life is in a world of detail and adjustment.

We cannot too highly congratulate a club, we suppose, of undergraduates, on this collection of "first essays," which are marked by every sign of serious thought and observation; of laborious investigation, of earnest intention. There is no rhetoric; no ill-timed epigram; no sentimentality; but that rare combination, strength and modesty. The book opens by quoting that charming Thessalian who lamented to Socrates that, though he yearned to build in Thessaly a Parthenon, he could achieve but a mud-hut. The wise and kindly Athenian encouraged him—few were those who ever wished to build a Parthenon; and fewer those who, having built the mud-hut, failed to think it was a Parthenon. . . . These three authors have had the lofty dream, and, in "the multitude of business," the dream still survives, transfiguring life. A book for all seminaries, debating clubs, study-circles, parish libraries, and for many a private book-shelf.

6.—A SODALITY BOOK: "CHRIST'S CADETS."¹

The distinguished history of our Lady's Sodality has lately been made better known to us in England, not least by the remarkable social work done by the Sodality in, for example, Austria. Father E. Lester reminds us, in a foreword to the first number of a series of short and inexpensive books to be published for the English branch of the Sodality, how our Holy Father has emphasized the already emphatic praise given by Pope Gregory XIII., when defining its scope, to the Sodality.

The three young Saints, Aloysius Gonzaga, Stanislaus Kostka, and John Berchmans, who are spoken of in this book,

¹ The *Stella Maris* Series: *Christ's Cadets*. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. London: Washbourne. 3 portraits. Pp. 144. Price, 1s. 1913.

have long been held up to young men and boys as their especial models. Yet, unfortunately, the traditional treatment of these lives has for a variety of reasons become unpopular. Directly a suspicion of priggishness or girlishness attaches itself to the saint's portrait he cannot expect to retain the affection of English schoolboys. Father Martindale's *Rhyme of Aloysius* and *St. Stanislaus Kostka* have, we are glad to learn from many quarters, collegiate and other, conciliated much good will to the saints who have been, possibly, misunderstood by many. He does not repeat himself here, though the end he pursues is, we think, not unsimilar. He does not primarily relate the Life, which is already sufficiently well known, but tries to detect the human and also the supernatural principles which underlay, directed, and completed it. He has tried to do this with insight, affection, and even with some humour: needless to say he is never flippant, and no rationalistic touch mars the genuinely human portrait he paints. There is no exaggeration, as there is no shirking, of facts. We are a little astonished he should have admitted a portrait of St. Aloysius known to be spurious: he would probably consider, however, the saint's spirit to be better expressed by it than by his conventional images.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGICAL AND DEVOTIONAL.

IN Part III. of *De Actibus Humanis* (Herder: 5s.), dealing with the "formation of conscience," Father V. Frins, S.J., completes his elaborate treatise, which is an admirable example of the sound traditional psychology of morals. More than half the book is devoted to an exposition of the system of Probabilism, so widely misunderstood and caricatured outside the Church and not always fully grasped within it. This part was published two years ago, but has only lately reached us. *Cas de Conscience à l'Usage des Personnes du Monde*,—for lay-folk, as we should more briefly say,—by L. Desbrus, (Téqui: 3.50 fr.), is an ingenious, and sometimes even amusing collection of "cases" which will help in their perplexity those who are not experts in the "formation" of their conscience. Thus it is asked whether white draperies can be used at the funerals of old maids or old bachelors of disedifying past. . . . Father Chr. Pesch wins our gratitude by his excellent *Compendium* (in 4 volumes) of his extensive *Theologia Dogmatica*. Vol. I. contains Apologetics (Herder: 5s.), and the remaining three are to appear this year. M. Lahitton's *Vocation Sacerdotale* (Beauchesne: 5fr.), has reached a second edition. Its author regards his interesting and highly approved thesis as exclusively and exhaustively orthodox.

Very important both for what it contains and for what it promises is Fr. Mainage, O.P.'s, *Introduction à la Psychologie des Convertis* (Gabalda: 1.50 fr.), which is to preface a profound consideration of the phenomenon of Conversion (both within and without, and to, the Church) "apologetically" considered. Not only is the documentation of this treatise highly modern, and the attitude of mind serenely scientific and impartial, and the style lucid and very agreeable, but the psychology is sound and true to life. The author advances none of the extraordinary reasons which are supposed to be the only right ones to operate conversions: he will not condemn some of the most satisfactory classes of converts as having climbed into the fold the wrong way. We are flattered to see what considerable use he makes of Miss Baker's *Modern Pilgrim's Progress*. We trust all priests in England who have to deal with converts will read this book. It is better in many respects than anything we yet possess on this topic.

Not that we underrate Father Graham's quite excellent but more popular little book, *Hindrances to Conversion to the Catholic Church* (Sands: 6d., with an Introduction by Mgr. R. H. Benson). His touch is singularly firm: the language homely; the insight penetrating, and its argument kindly and convincing. We promise it a large circulation, and are impressed by the very remarkably "actual" and modern list of books, published by Mr. Sands, and catalogued on the back of Father Graham's. These are the books we want for the ordinary man of our very ordinary day. Let us couple with them *The Convert's Rosary* (Burns and Oates: 1s. 6d.), by Alice M. Gardiner. It teaches converts not only not to dislike, but how to say with affection and thoughtful devotion, the fifteen mysteries of their beads.

We have noticed, as they were sent to us, the *Lutterworth Lectures*, of which three, together with a foreword and an Introduction by Lord Brayne, founder of the Lectures, have been bound into a handsome volume. It can be obtained from Mr. Treen, Rugby. The lectures, by Father Joseph Rickaby, Father Martindale, and Mr. G. M. Jameson, B.A., student of Christ Church, Oxford, maintain a high level of scholarship and interest.

The Bishop of Sebastopolis, Mgr. J. S. Vaughan, has, by his little book called *Happiness and Beauty* (Longmans: 1s. 6d.), added to that body of literature which recognizes, directly or indirectly, that renewed interest felt by Catholics in the relation of the supernatural to the natural, and of body to soul, and in the quality of self-realization and consequent "well-being" we are, as Christians, likely or intended to achieve on earth. These pages will assist many towards "happiness", and are themselves, not unfrequently, "beautiful."

Jesus the All Good (Burns and Oates: 2s.) is a translation by Rev. F. Loughnan of Father A. Gallerani, S.J.'s meditations. They are intended to dispel any cold or unfilial feeling on the part of the faithful towards Our Lord.

In the Way of the Saints, by Geraldine E. Hodgson, D. Litt. (Longmans: 3s. net), is a very beautiful book of Anglican Devotion, written with a real sense of literature. Nobody can fail to recognize how genuine is the Christianity which inspires it. No Catholic can fail to sigh when he realizes how the authoress is bound to disregard that element in the Saints whom most she quotes, which they regarded as so essential—namely, obedience to that central See from which alone shines the unfailing light upon their "Way." *Mystical Contemplation*, translated by W. H. Mitchell, M.A., from the French of the Eudist Father E. Lamballe (Washbourne: 3s. 6d.), is a

valuable addition to our rapidly growing library of mystical works. It lays down the principles of mystical theology; and the garnered experience of the Catholic Church stands the author in better stead than the unchastened erudition and speculation of other more fashionable volumes. **The Religion of All Sensible People** (by B. A. Wilson, Methuen: 2s. 6d.) annoys us a little by its title, though we think we should like the author. His *Anecdotes of Big Cats and Other Beasts* was a cheerful and conciliating story-book. The book is full of all sorts of illustrations and quotations, and of sharp sayings and comparisons, and incidentally reveals much enthusiasm for Carlyle, compared to whose spiritual journey the "*Pilgrim's Progress* was a country walk." Unluckily, we have to own to feeling that in his treatment of the subtler element of human reaction, Mr. Wilson suggests himself to be a Philistine. . . He quotes, to explain his title, Lord Shaftesbury's dictum, "Men of sense are really but of one religion," which religion, he declared to the lady who asked him what it was, "Men of sense never revealed." Does Mr. Wilson try to reveal it? If so. . . And anyhow, who shall decide, who are the men of sense. . . ? And again anyhow—*They aren't!*

We welcome Abbé Boudinhon's translation, **Questions de Morale, de Droit Canonique, et de Liturgie** (two volumes in each part; Lethielleux: 24 fr.), of Cardinal Gennari's work. The "cases" are extremely up-to-date, and unusually fresh in character. Father Ferreres, S.J., in **De Vasectomia duplici**, &c. (Office of the *Razón y Fe*: ed. 2), maintains his side in a discussion lately carried on, mainly in American periodicals, of interest to students of pastoral medicine. Abbé A. E. Gautier translates (**Lettre à une Supérieure Religieuse**: Téqui, 1.00 fr.), Father Franco, S.J.'s commentary upon Leo XIII.'s decree *Quemadmodum*, on the subject of "manifestation of conscience" to religious superiors.

We wish to group together five books which alike testify to the most laudable revival of liturgical feeling now, perhaps, to be recognized as becoming general among us. **Minor Orders**, by Rev. L. Bacuez, S.S. (Herder: 5s.), contains instructions and meditations suited mainly to those preparing for, or already graced with, those Orders, but also of interest to all who care for the Church's method of consecrating her ministers. **Thirty Ways of Hearing Mass**, by F. G. Stebbing, C.S.S.R. (Sands, 2s. 6d. cloth), will assist many profitably and easily to spend at Mass the time they spend at far less substantial devotions. A very strong historical flavour penetrates this little book: *The Mass of the Penal times* (from the Manual, 1650 A.D.) is of supreme interest. Three books by Abbot Smith, O.S.B., of Ampleforth, must be added to these, and spoken of with praise even more emphatic. They are all three to be obtained from the Editor of the *Benedictine Almanac*, Ampleforth Abbey, Malton, Yorks. In **An Easy Way to Use the Psalms** (2s. 6d. post free) the author "appropriates" the Davidic words, and makes their prayer his own. A simple, modern (yet entirely reverent and dignified) paraphrase accompanies the Latin text, printed in the margin. Intended for all who, by virtue of their "rule" say Office, it will yet be of supreme value to those schools, both of boys and girls, where Vespers and Compline are sung, or Office of the Dead, or the Little Office of our Lady, recited. How sadly has one had not unfrequently to watch the lusty singing of Psalms which seemed to convey little meaning to the brain, and little religious value to the heart of the songsters. The idea was growing up that the Psalms were as unintelligible as St. Paul; almost, as the Apocalypse. . . . *Psallite sapienter*, says the poor Psalmist. Here is a chance of better

obeying him. **The Spirit of our Lady's Litany** (1s.) does the same service to those who by dint of its long familiarity, find the Benediction Litany in danger of its life, in danger, that is, of being meaningless in proportion as it becomes dear to them and not to be discarded. **The Ordinary of the Mass** (5s.) completes this trilogy. It consists of meditations and prayers written for the sake of those to whom, alas, "the Ordinary of the Mass is a closed book". These pages are full of that sober devotion and strong, English religious feeling which the Benedictine Order, with its unique sense for, and preservation of, all that is best in our old Catholic tradition, is doing so much to diffuse and restore. And with these books we are glad to mention **The Official Guide to the Church of St. Gregory the Great, Downside Abbey** (Burns and Oates : 6d., 3 plans, 24 illustrations). We are proud to have at least one church in England which is all that an English Catholic Church should be. The Abbey is rich, but not vulgar; devotional, but not frivolous; carefully and slowly devised and constructed, but not pedantic. The exquisite cross and copes are only examples of the perfection of "finish," and truth of "spirit," which makes of the whole place not only a unit, but a living unit.

GENERAL

The Catholic Social Guild is showing exceptional literary activity at present, in view it would seem of the approaching Congress at Plymouth and the mass meeting it is organizing there. It has issued a limited number of its four **Catholic Studies in Social Reform**, on the several subjects of Destitution, Sweating, Housing and Eugenics, in a neatly-bound volume (King and Son : 2s. 6d.), regarding which the best commendation is that they have sold excellently—*Sweated Labour*, for instance, being for the moment out of print, and *The Church and Eugenics* necessitating a special large American edition. These four essays are not only valuable in themselves, but also historically, as representing the beginnings of a constructive social policy on Catholic lines. A second edition of **Sweated Labour and the Trade Boards Act**, brought up to date by Father Thos. Wright, is passing through the press, and will be out in ample time for the Congress.

A new member of the same series—**First Notions on Social Service** (King and Son : 6d. net), edited by Mrs. Philip Gibbs, is also on the eve of publication. It is intended chiefly as a manual for the use of the upper forms of schools and colleges, so that Catholic youth may face its life's work with at least some general ideas of the nature of the social problems that now-a-days press for solution on the conscience of every genuine Christian. After a luminous Introduction by the editress herself, explaining the nature of the work required and the many motives that Catholics have to make themselves prominent in it, Mgr. H. Parkinson gives a short historical resumé, showing how present industrial conditions have grown out of the past, and what the lot of the workers has been in successive periods of English history. Then Mrs. Crawford explains out of the wealth of her experience the practical calls there are upon the conscientious citizen to help in administering local affairs. Follows a chapter by Father J. Keating, S.J., which propounds a dozen sample problems of the hour and gives the Catholic view of each, by way of object-lesson in the

art of applying Christian principles to current questions. The book concludes with two practical chapters, addressed to boys and girls respectively, by Father Charles Plater, S.J., and Miss Flora Kirwan, who both speak from the abundance of their knowledge. As a text-book the manual would be improved by an index: that, we trust, will be supplied in the second edition which so useful a book deserves and may confidently expect.

Another and still more important C.S.G. publication to be looked for very shortly is Mgr. H. Parkinson's **Primer of Social Science** (King and Son: 1s. 6d.), which is an analytical study from the Christian standpoint of the whole field of modern social and economic life. We feel safe in asserting that, since the appearance of C. S. Devas' *Political Economy*, which remains the one sure and exhaustive guide for Catholics in this difficult science, no more helpful treatise has been written than this handy little work from the pen of the President of the C.S.G. The want of something of the sort has been widely felt in the many study-clubs and circles inaugurated by the Guild, for beginners are likely to be repelled by large works like Devas, Dardano and others, which presuppose a certain groundwork of social knowledge. In Mgr. Parkinson's *Primer* the means of laying that foundation are amply provided. We believe that it will be widely and gratefully welcomed not only by Catholics but also by other Christians who see that their spiritual guides either ignore altogether the crying social evils of the time or offer specifics which are inadequate or unsound. For the moment it has everything in its favour, for there is practically no rival in the field.

Catholics may be excused for viewing with suspicion the principles of that rising hope of the Tory party, Mr. F. E. Smith, whose volume **Unionist Policy and Other Essays** (Williams and Norgate: 5s. net), has been sent us for review. Mr. Smith, we recollect, voted against the abolition of the blasphemous Royal Declaration: Mr. Smith supported Pastor Wise and Col. Kyffin-Taylor in a campaign of Protestant bigotry at Kirkdale; Mr. Smith has also largely identified himself with the present Orange attack on the Church in Ireland. Whether this attitude is the result of policy or conviction, it does not commend Mr. Smith to Catholics as a statesman of much breadth or honesty of mind. Yet the essays before us do something to modify this impression. We can say nothing here about those purely political, but it is a great thing to find Mr. Smith sound on parental rights in education and the necessity of definite religious instruction. He shows, moreover, a grasp of the desperate character of industrial evils not common in his party, and is not afraid of trenchant remedies. But only the future can tell whether this brilliant advocate and party-man can shed enough of his narrowness to develop into a statesman.

A capital book for the nursery schoolroom is **The Children's Hour of Heaven on Earth** (Burns and Oates: 1s. net), a collection of poems and pictures, and pictures and prose, devoted to the happy hour of night-prayers. The drawings are from the tasteful and picturesque pen of Mr. Lindsay Symington, and the letterpress consists of a short selection from the poems of Francis Thompson, Father Tabb, Katharine Tynan, and Wilfrid Meynell. Prior McNabb, O.P., for the further elucidation of the whole, provides a commentary and notes on the poems.

Four tastefully got up penny pamphlets reach us from the *Irish Messenger* Office, Dublin, an excellent sermon on **Devotion to the Sacred Heart**, by the well-known Father Edmund O'Reilly, S.J., a timely essay on

The Constantine Centenary, by Father W. Kane, S.J., of St. Louis, and two collections of short boys' stories by Father Martin Corbett, S.J., a new worker in this field who promises to rival his many Jesuit predecessors.

A translation called **The Christian's Code of Life** of a little expository book of Cardinal Mercier's has been printed amongst the Devotional Works of the C.T.S. It follows the usual catechetical order—Belief, Conduct, Means of Grace—and is very clear and readable.

A little penny brochure entitled **Grievances in Ireland** (Dublin : Duffy), "by one of the Tolerant Majority," should be read by those who find it difficult to realize to what lengths non-Catholics went in the days of Protestant Ascendancy in the oppression of their fellow-citizens, the vast majority of the inhabitants, and how much, how very much, of that old hateful spirit still survives.

L'Islam, by Maurice Landrieux (Lethielleux : 1.50 fr.), is an admirable "document" for those who wish to probe a little below the surface of the Mohammedan soul, and holds a lesson for France especially, but which may be transferred to England in India and elsewhere. As usual, it is the Church which brings the true civilization. "*Il n'y a que vous qui fassiez ici quelque chose de sérieux*," the White Fathers are assured. "*Nous autres nous ne pouvons rien*."

In M. Bloud's *Ecrivains Etrangers*, M. P. Berger writes **Robert Browning** (2.50 fr.). The effect of seeing our great poet translated and commented on in French is curious but genuinely illuminating. It would ill become us to signalize some instances where the translation fails to catch the nuance of meaning or allusion. Of course, Browning's melody and grandeur of diction it cannot reproduce.

Défendons Nous is a collection of crisp little sketches by Abbé C. Grimaud (Téqui : 2 fr.), each but two or three pages long. We are to defend ourselves against irreligion, the anti-Christian press, secularist education, dechristianization of family life, modern shibboleths, prejudices, social apathy, socialism, and the depopulation of the country districts. If a school wants quite a new sort of popular and amusing book for French classes, here it will find one. And it will do equally well for popular libraries, study circles, and even the pulpit. **The Purple East** (Melbourne : Linehan, Ed. 2 : England : Burns and Oates, 3s. 6d. net), is the lively notebook of Father J. J. Malone's travels. The Archbishop of Melbourne contributes a preface, and draws a long comparison between the author and Lord Byron. Canon Sheehan says that *Eothen* alone, with Mrs. Oliphant's *Haifa*, can be compared with this book. We feel sure that this humorous, eloquent, and piously erudite account of travels in Egypt and Australia will be very popular in Australia. We hope Father Malone will soon publish his promised companion volumes.

Miss Emily Jenkinson has, in **The Soul of Unrest** (Arnold : 6s.) written a striking novel of which the scenes are laid in the exquisitely-pictured Outer Isle of Inis-Glova (still Catholic, and fragrant with Hebridean mysticism) and Angel Meadow, the deplorable factory-quarter of "Northington." That the authoress is not a Catholic (this appears from tiny touches : the priest does not "stand" at Benediction swinging a censor : chasubles nowadays are not, alas, of "rich blue satin") makes the delicate charm and insight and sympathy of her treatment of the Catholic protagonists the more remarkable. The appalling conditions of labour are told with no less truthful and tragic force ; the Socialist gospel seems, for the moment, irrefutable. But of

the authoress Socialism makes no complete nor constant convert. Walt Whitman dominates this part; and over the first chapters of this remarkable book, broods the mysterious spirit of Maeterlinckian drama.

Horizons is a touching little book by Fr. Roucan, O.P. (Lethielleux: 2.00 fr.), and endeavours to indicate upon the horizon of their grey world, a little sunlight for the eyes of work-girls of every profession. The need of this book is a long tragedy: to supply it was a true apostolate.

Miss Olivia Ramsey, author of *A Girl of no Importance*, noticed in our last issue, indignantly repudiates the impression conveyed towards the end of the notice that she wished her story to be thought *un peu risqué*. Our reviewer regrets that his remarks should have been taken as offensive, whereas he only meant to be playful: he had in mind, no doubt, such things as the choice of "the Earl of Rake" for the hero's name.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

BEAUCHESSNE, Paris.

Auctarium Bellarminianum. By Père X.-M. Le Bachelet, S.J. Pp. xxiv, 726. Price, 25.00 fr. 1913. *Ozanam: Livre du Centenaire.* Auteurs divers. Pp. 480. Price, 6.00 fr. 1913. *La Vocation Sacerdotale.* Par J. Lahitton, Edit. nouvelle. Pp. xi, 527. Price, 5.00 fr. 1913. *La Unité de l'Eglise et le Schisme grec.* By M. l'Abbé J. Bousquet. Pp. iii, 403. Price, 4.00 fr. 1913. *L'Empereur Alexandre ter: est-il mort catholique?* By Père Pierling, 2e édit. Pp. 103. Price, 1.50 fr. 1913. *Vita Vera.* By Johannès Jørgensen; translated into French by Sirgel-Launoy and de la Fabrège. Pp. xxviii, 324. Price, 3.50 fr. 1913. *Dictionnaire Apologétique de la Foi Catholique.* Edited by A. d'Alés, Fasc. ix. Incineration—Instruction. Price, 5.00 fr. 1913.

BLOUD ET CIE, Paris.

François Bacon. By P. Lemaire. Pp. 63. Price, 0.60 fr. 1913. *Henri Heine.* By Pierre Gauthiez. Pp. 234. Price, 2.50 fr. 1913.

BURNS AND OATES, London.

Jesus All Good. By Father A. Gallerani, S.J. Translated by F. Loughnan. Pp. 254. Price, 2s. net. 1908. *A Guide to the Church of St. Gregory, Downside.* Pp. vi, 70. Price, 6d. 1913. *The Children's Hour of Heaven on Earth.* Illustrated by L. D. Symington. Pp. 28. Price, 1s. net. 1913. *The Convent's Rosary.* By Alice M. Gardiner. Pp. viii, 54. Price, 1s. 6d. net. 1913. *Poems.* By Alice Meynell. Pp. 117. Price, 5s. net. 1913.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Jeremiah and Lamentations. Edited by A. W. Streane, D.D. Pp. liii, 381. Price, 3s. net. 1913. *The Municipalities of the Roman Empire.* By J. S. Reid. Pp. xv, 548. Price, 12s. net. 1913. *Paganism and Christianity in Egypt.* By P. D. Scott-Moncrieff. Pp. viii, 224. Price, 6s. net. 1913.

DUFFY AND CO., Dublin.

Our Own Country. By L. M. Stacpoole Kenny. Pp. x, 142. Price, 2s. 1913.

HUNTER AND LONGHURST, London.

Religious Beliefs of Scientists. By A. H. Tabrum. New and enlarged Edition. Pp. xxi, 309. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1913.

"IRISH MESSENGER" OFFICE, Dublin.

The Constantine Centenary, and other pamphlets.

LETHIELLEUX, Paris.

Discours Eucharistiques. 5e série, 2e édit. Pp. xxviii, 468. Price, 3 50 fr. 1913. *Louis Veuillot.* By C. Lecigne. Pp. 440. Price, 3.50 fr. 1913.

LONGMANS, London.

Happiness and Beauty. By the Right Rev. J. S. Vaughan, D.D. Pp. viii, 124. Price, 1s. 6d. net. 1913. *In the Way of the Saints.* By Geraldine E. Hodgson. Pp. x, 131. Price, 3s. net. 1913.

MACMILLAN, London.

Father Ralph. By Gerald O'Donovan. Pp. 494. Price, 6s. 1913.

METHUEN, London.

Churchwardens' Accounts. By J. Charles Cox, LL.D. Pp. xvi, 365. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1913. *The Faith of all Sensible People.* By D. A. Wilson. Pp. xxiii, 123. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1913.

SANDS AND CO., London.

Thirty Ways of Hearing Mass. Compiled by Rev. G. Stebbing, C.S.S.R. Pp. 396. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1913. *Hindrances to Conversion to the Catholic Church.* By Rev. Father Graham. Pp. x, 144. Price, 6d. net. 1913.

TEQUI, Paris.

Matutinand lit la Bible. By Abbé E. Duplessy. Pp. viii, 271. Price, 2 50 fr. 1913.

TRENN, Rugby.

Lutterworth Lectures. With a foreword and introduction by Lord Brayne. 1913.

